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COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Big Three Talks

THE weekend deliberations of the Big Three Foreign Ministers may not produce spectacular decisions of detailed policy, but they should materially help to remove much of the confusion which has existed between Britain, the United States and France concerning Sir Winston Churchill's proposal for top-level Big Four discussions. It is a meeting which holds profound possibilities, and future developments in international affairs may very largely depend on the measure of agreement which can be reached. It is not without significance that "authoritative sources" in London have, on the eve of the talks, disclosed a Churchill Plan for dealing with the cold war. If the report lacks details, it gives a clear enough general picture for the world to appreciate that Sir Winston is determined, if it is humanly possible, to bring the four great Powers into conference in a supreme bid to ensure world peace. Nor is this to be based on a policy of appeasement any more than the approach to Russia is to be accompanied by threats or polemics.

SIR Winston Churchill wants the leaders of the Western democracies to be able to reach the minds of the leaders in the Kremlin, and it is quite clear that he believes this can be best accomplished by those leaders getting together and exchanging individual and collective viewpoints. A decision on this important question may not emerge from the Foreign Ministers' meetings; on the contrary, the reactions of Mr. Foster Dulles and Mr. Bidault will probably be dependent on their private talks with Sir Winston Churchill. As yet no utterly convincing argument has been advanced against Sir Winston's project and the impression left is that both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Laniel have sufficiently open minds on the subject to be persuaded that its advantages far outweigh its disadvantages. Quite apart from the Churchill proposal, however, it is imperative that the current London discussions produce a new solidarity of views between the three Western powers for tackling the cold war problem.

U.S. CARRIER WRECKED BY EXPLOSIONS & FIRE

18 Known Dead Aboard Leyte SOME TRAPPED BELOW DECKS

Boston, Oct. 16.

The huge aircraft carrier, *Leyte*, was wrecked by a series of explosions and a fast spreading fire while being recommissioned today.

At least 18 Navy men were killed and estimates of the burned and injured ranged from 20 to 90.

The 27,000-ton craft that carried a wartime complement of 2,000 officers and men was being taken out of mothballs at the Navy shipyard Annex in South Boston, when the explosions and fire occurred.

A score of ambulances and a small army of Navy and civilian disaster workers converged on the scene. The dead and injured were placed in a nearby dispensary, the Carney, Boston City and Chelsea Naval Hospitals.

The Boston fire chief, John Simpson, emerging from the wreckage and flames-lit area of the *Leyte*, said: "There are a number of bodies strewn around where we are fighting the fire, but we can't get them out now."

He said his men could only get down "as far as the fourth deck and there are two decks below where we don't know how many men are trapped."

A few newsmen and photographers who reached the repair yard before the guards were placed on duty were stopped as they returned to the outer gates. Film and plates were taken from the photographers and it was reported that one newsmen had been taken into custody by the Marines.

The officer on the day, reached by telephone on the *Leyte's* quarterdeck, said the explosion occurred below deck and that the ensuing fire was out of control an hour after the blast. A Public Information officer at the First Naval District headquarters said the fire started in the engine room of the multi-million dollar carrier.

Cdr. Lawrence Hibben is the commander of the carrier. Reuter adds that a doctor who was among those called to the carrier said he saw "at least a dozen men" he thought were dead.

The Navy Public Information Office said:

Mossadegh Is Too Old To Be Hanged

Tehran, Oct. 16.

Ex-Premier Mossadegh, who is under arrest here, will be sentenced to life imprisonment if found guilty of the charges against him, according to an official military source here today.

A military spokesman pointed out that Article 46 of the Iranian Penal Code provided for the substitution of life imprisonment for the death penalty in the case of condemned persons of more than 60 years of age. Mossadegh is more than 72.—France-Press.

VIETNAM MAY LEAVE UNION

Saigon, Oct. 16.

The Vietnam National Congress resolved here today that Vietnam, largest of the States of French Indo-China, should leave the French Union.

But when the debate on the independence question was reopened later tonight, several delegates urged the adoption of additional clauses to temper the refusal to take part in the Union.

They urged that the refusal should be changed into conditional participation in the Union, the main condition being revision of the French constitution to give a clear definition of the French Union acceptable to all interested parties.

Some of the delegates stressed that Vietnam cannot face her difficulties without external support.

Debate on the question was likely to last through the night. Even Congress delegates with strong nationalist feelings pressed for a vote on the refusal to take part in the French Union.

Diplomatic observers emphasized that the National Congress decisions are not binding on the Congress can be considered an advisory group only. The Congress has been called to draft the claims Vietnam's representatives will put forward at a forthcoming conference with the French. Congress members represent elected political bodies, professional and religious groups.

The resolution that Vietnam should leave the French Union followed up last night's Congress call for "complete independence" of the 127,000-square mile State, with its population of 812,000.

The Congress however looked forward to an alliance with France.—Reuter.

Bodies Recovered

Madrid, Oct. 16.

Sixteen bodies have so far been recovered from the wreckage of a bus washed out of the roads by floods near San Sebastian yesterday with the loss of 22 lives.

Two of the bodies were recovered from the sea between Zumaia and Guetaria.—Reuter.

POWs In Angry Rebellion

Bloodshed Danger

Munsan, Oct. 17.

Angry rebellion threatened to spread into every compound of anti-Communist war prisoners today (Saturday) amid growing fear that controversial explanations can continue only at the risk of bloodshed.

A violent clash between Indian guards and anti-Red North Koreans threatening a mass break-out on Friday was averted only because the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission called off "come back to Communism" lectures. But the Commission will try again today.

One thousand Chinese POWs are scheduled to meet with Communist political officers starting this morning.

Spurred by the North Korean "battle of wills" victory, Allied officers said that the Chinese may push their resistance further than they did two days ago and refuse to attend lectures or even attempt a mass break.

Unlike Chinese POWs who gave up their sit-down strike after seven hours on Thursday, the first day of explanations, 4,000 unarmy North Koreans swarmed against their barred wire fences and with Indian guards pointed at their throats threatened a mass escape.

The remaining 4,000 North Koreans in other compounds shouted and sang their defiance.

GUARDS' MANOEUVRE

Six hundred Indian guards, armed with rifles and sticks, moved against the North Korean compounds in a psychological manoeuvre aimed at striking "fear in the hearts of the POWs," an Indian spokesman said.

They closed in on the compounds, 100 at a time, to suggest their reinforcing strength. They called in special guards equipped with gas bombs.

But the North Koreans, wearing gloves, so that they could scale or tear down the barred wire fences, stood their ground.

Prisoners tagged for interviews, refused to leave their compound and others clung to the fences.

Prisoners nearest the fence stripped to the waist and others loosened eight-foot fence posts so that they could push through the barbed wire.

POWs in a nearby hospital collected stones and threatened to attack American soldiers working there while other prisoners sealed their tents against a possible gas attack.

Faced with the most explosive threat since the explanations started, Major-General S. P. Thorat, Indian troop commander, decided that any clash would bring "extremely heavy casualties" and the Neutral Commission decided to call off interviews for a day.—United Press.

American Families Begin Evacuation Of Trieste

Trieste, Oct. 16.

American families drove out of here by car today as the Allied evacuation continued against a background of uncertainty about future plans.

Wives wept as they bade farewell to husbands and fathers kissed goodbye to their children as a ten-car American convoy carrying the first American land route evacuees left this crisis city.

The American troops here have a total of around 2,000 women and children to send home, while the British have about half that number.

The twenty American families who left by car today brought to about 300 the number of American women and children who have so far gone.

The British here are working on a timetable which demands that all the women and children leave in five trainloads beginning on Sunday afternoon.

The Americans have no such timetable, but it was learned from a highly-placed American source today that the 700 American families have to be "packed and ready to go" by the middle of November.

There are three British battalions here. The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Lancashire Regiment will return to Britain, it was reliably learned tonight. The 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment was believed to be going to Germany.

AMERICAN SOURCES tonight were tight-lipped on future dispositions of American forces here, but it was believed many of them would join the occupation forces in either Austria or Germany.

As today's convoy drove over the frontier here in the dawn mist, American Military Police families, the frontier post barred photographers from taking pictures of the departing families and prevented reporters from speaking to them.

"These are not things that the American people want to see and hear about," said a Military Police Captain.

The predominantly Italian population was meanwhile calm, waiting for any decision by the "Big Three" Foreign Ministers in London that might make their future just a little less uncertain than in the past few days.

Informed Italian opinion here was inclined to reject any idea of taking over zone "A"—the present British and American zone—without the support of troops in order to avoid offending Marshal Tito.

On the other hand, the people were becoming inclined to believe the British and American declaration that they would in fact pull out their troops and that the zone would be handed over to the Italians.

There was increasing hope here tonight that Marshal Tito might be persuaded to agree to the Italian suggestion that Yugoslav troops should leave zone "B," thereby making it possible for the Italians to agree not to send their forces into zone "A".—Reuter.

COMPROMISE SOLUTION

London, Oct. 16.

M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, today put forward a compromise solution to end the bitter Italy-Yugoslav dispute over Trieste at the meeting of the "Big Three" Foreign Ministers. French diplomatic sources said.

Asked to comment on his proposal as he left the meeting, M. Bidault told reporters: "Vous jouez plus vite que les violons"—the nearest equivalent for which is "You are a step ahead of events."

He added: "The problem is one that needs the deepest consideration."

The compromise solution will emerge as a three-Power mediation plan if the United States and Britain agree.

The sources said that at the moment the three countries' views were very close on this point. But they admitted that it would be a far harder task to get the Rome and Belgrade Governments to agree.

France had hitherto stood aside from the Anglo-American consultations following the two Powers' decision last week to hand over their zone in Trieste to Italy.

As late as Wednesday, M. Bidault told the French Cabinet that he intended to keep outside the Trieste issue since France had not been consulted before the Anglo-American decision and did not want to share in responsibility for the outcome.

But France now feels that as a world Power she cannot ignore the explosive atmosphere in an area closely affecting the whole Atlantic alliance.

Turkey, which supports President Tito's plan for a conference on Trieste between the United States, Britain, Yugoslavia and Italy, has also told France that she would welcome a French initiative towards a peaceful solution.

The three Foreign Ministers will continue to study the Trieste problem in the possibility of Western mediation when they resume their conference here on Saturday morning.—Reuter.

24-Hour Strike Called

Terni, Italy Oct. 17.

Workers of all political parties here called a 24-hour general strike for today (Saturday) after a daylong riot in which more than 100 civilians were injured. The riots protested against the dismissal of 2,000 hands from the Societa' Acciaieria di Terni (The Terni Steel Association)—one of Italy's biggest steel workers—which is half state and half privately owned.

The Italian Government was last night mediating between the unions and the employers.—Reuter.

NO VIOLATION

Washington, Oct. 16.

The Attorney General, Mr. Herbert Brownell, Jr., said today that the Justice Department had uncovered no violation of Federal laws during its investigations of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the 1950 Senatorial election in Maryland.—United Press.

Withholding Atom Test Secrets

(From Chapman Pincher)

Melbourne, Oct. 16.

Secret details of Britain's atom-bomb test are being withheld from the Australian Government, I learned here today.

The Australian Chiefs of Staff, some of whom witnessed the test, will be told the bomb's weapons power and estimated military value. But only five men apart from Sir William Penney know the full internal structure of the weapon. They are all British and their names are being kept secret.

Hundreds of scientists were involved in the designing and building of the weapon but they were given only that information needed for the part concerning them.

The final assembly was carried out by the "secret six" under Sir William Penney's personal guidance.

Now that the atomic component Mark One bomb has been successfully tested, the guided missile experts at Farnborough, Hampshire, are stepping up the work on a streamlined container to enable the weapon to be directed at its target.

First atomic weapon to be issued to the R.A.F. will be a guided bomb dropped from an aircraft and capable of being directed by the pilot after it leaves the plane.

The final test involving a drop from an aircraft will be carried out on an Emu F-4 near Woomera, probably next year.—London Express Service.

13 TERRORISTS KILLED

Nairobi, Oct. 16.

Thirteen members of a gang of 50 Mau Mau who yesterday ambushed and killed Assistant Chief Kimbiri and his African allies have been killed by the police while Kikuyu Hoko Guardsmen are still trailing the remainder of the gang.

Meanwhile a large gang of terrorists today attacked a Roman Catholic mission at Boricho in the Semu area and seriously wounded three African nuns. Two other women attached to the mission were missing.—France-Press.

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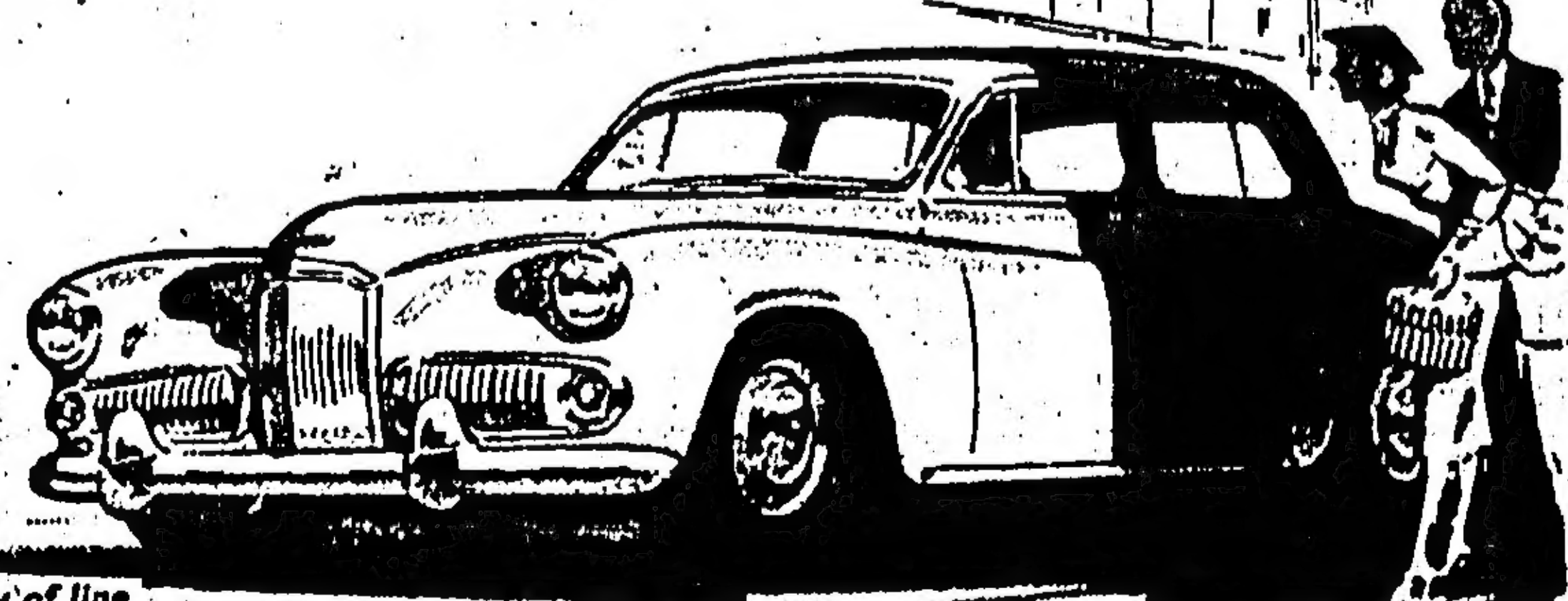
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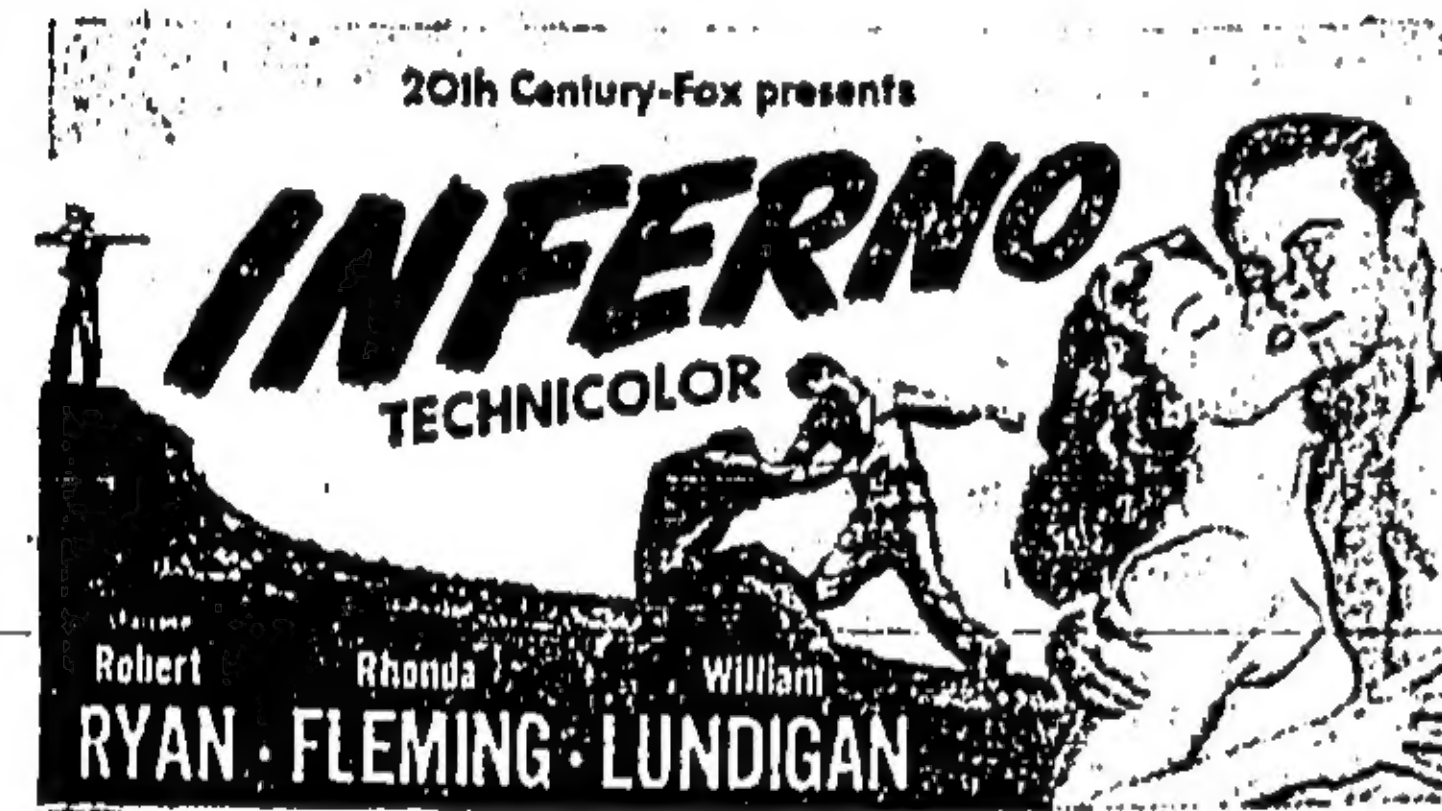
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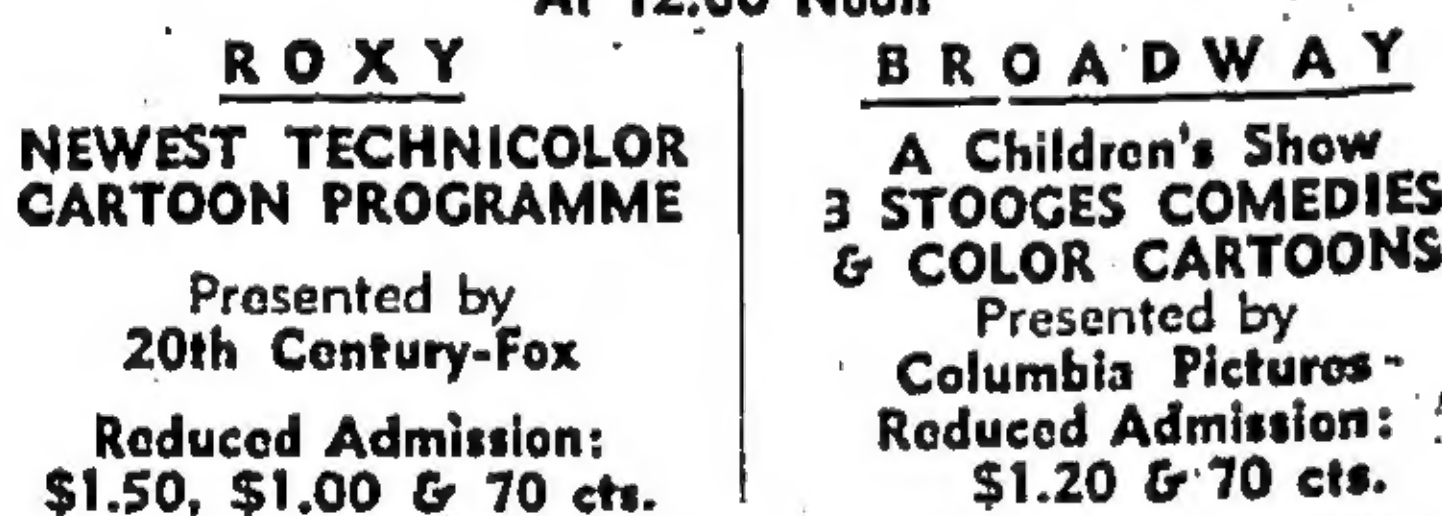
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FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By MARGARET BRUCE

Our films this week appear to be of a somewhat bloodthirsty nature. Last week we had children, now we have Hangman's Knot, Inferno, The Dawn of China's Revolution and The Cruel Sea to name but a few.

The KING'S and MAJESTIC share the first one, "HANGMAN'S KNOT," in which Columbia presents Randolph Scott and Donna Reed. This is a violent Technicolor Saga—I think that's the word for it.

The hero is a Confederate Army Major, who has captured gold bullion from some Union Troops and, on hearing that the war is over, he decides to

take it South as a form of pre-Marshall Aid. To this end he commandeers a Slave Coach in which a former Union Army nurse (Donna Reed) is travelling. It is pursued by renegade Vigilantes, and an unnecessarily exciting time is had by everyone.

It will be followed by another Columbia film, "ASSIGNMENT—PARIS," this time the Paul Gallico thriller. The assignment in question is to an American reporter (competently played by Dana Andrews) who follows a hunch and a plunging neckline on lovely, exciting Maria Toren into more adventure than he bargained for.

It is, perhaps, a little bit the usual thing about political intrigue, with Eastern European Governments standing or falling on the evidence in the reporter's hands. However, it is a well-acted film, with George Sanders as one of its assets, and the suspense is kept at a sufficiently high level to provide you with good entertainment.

The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA are, at the moment showing a Chinese film with English subtitles called "THE DAWN OF CHINA'S REVOLUTION," but I haven't seen it. However, it is to be followed by a film we've all been waiting for—"THE CRUEL SEA," an Ealing Studios production of Nicholas Monsarrat's best seller.

As you would expect, this is a very expurgated edition, and what emerges is the stark story of two ships and a handful of men during the War when the Royal Navy hunted U-boats by the pack. These men are the heroes, the heroines are the ships and the villain is the Cruel Atlantic itself.

Directed with authentic atmosphere by Charles Frend (the man responsible for "SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC"), this film telescopes all the epic events of the book, but it maintains

its drama, its adventure, its spirit and its human warmth, nothing more sincerely convinces his audience that he is living his part. Pretty Virginia McKenna has the feminine lead as Julie, the Wren Officer known as "Glamour-pants in O.P.s." Denholm Elliott again gives an appealing performance—you may remember him as Ann Todd's brother in "THE SOUND BARRIER."

I hope you'll see this film. You should. You must. "INFERNO" from the 20th Century Fox studios, is one of the ROXY and BROADWAY. This is a clever, though again violent film, with an excellent performance by Robert Ryan as the spoilt millionaire, abandoned to die amongst the rocky canyons of the Mojave Desert by his beautiful mistress, who has a secret lover (William Lundigan).

It gives a wonderful opportunity to Robert Ryan, because during half the film the Technicolor cameras are focused firmly onto him alone as he applies his broken leg and makes his descent down a mountainside fraught with menace.

Rock slides, rattlesnakes, hungry wolves, thirst and a wild fight staged in a burning cabin—this film, and Robert Ryan, has them all. It will come as no surprise to you to learn that this character proves and improves himself with all this courage and endurance, and emerges "quite a guy."

Rhonda Fleming is very lovely and a very adequate actress. It's strange to note that, although she is co-starred with Ryan, they don't meet until the very end. This really is an unusual thriller, and if you can stand all the agony you should find it well worth a visit.

At the EMPIRE AND GREAT WORLD, we have "WILD STALLION," and although I have not been able to see this film, I should think that it would be ideal for older children.

It is to be followed by a film called "L.A. TRAIN TO HOMBAY," if your taste is for "mysteries" set in the East, here is your chance. It has all the ingredients. Club foot, heroes wrongly accused of murder, will-the-train-run-into-the-bomb, sinister characters running around in turbans and burnt cork, muttering into their

beards such olde-Indian observations as "Say, he sure must have gotten onto that train."

After this they will be showing Stanley Kramer's "MY SIX CONVICTS." It probably won't come on until after next Saturday, when I can review it more fully, but one can never be sure here, unfortunately; so I want to warn you not to miss this fine film on any account. Its title is so unimpressive that you might well, and I have heard it said that although Kramer makes such wonderful films they are seldom "box-office." Take my advice and prove this wrong.

Here we have the story of a young psychiatrist whose first appointment is to a State Prison, where he is on probation for six months. It tells his experiences, most particularly with his six convict assistants. From the moment the cameras begin to turn you can feel the grip of a master on the reins. This is direction. Everything falls into place. The casting, the dialogue, the photography, the acting. It is NOT a dreary Prison Epic; it is full of humour and humanity.

We should see more of John Deak who, together with Gilbert Roland and Millard Mitchell, is outstanding. But there is no such thing as a bad or even mediocre performance.

Following "IVANHOE" at the Capitol and Liberty we have "APACHE WAR SMOKE." Strangely it combines two ingredients from other films that I have reviewed today, Gilbert Roland and the Mojave Desert.

Roland plays an amiable but formidable bandito whose gallantry saves the situation when a group of people are besieged in an isolated desert station by a horde of vengeful Apache Indians. He also saves the situation for me by his sense of humour. Retribution comes to the villain, and, one suppose, a great deal of loot to the debonair but dangerous bandit.

The LEE and PRINCESS are showing a Japanese film, but one that is directed by Josef von Sternberg. The narration is in English and the film was exhibited at the Venice Festival. All those who saw "RASHOMON" will realise that this is an interesting event.

"THE SAGA OF ANATAHAN" is fiction based on the true fact that several Japanese men and one woman were marooned on the South Pacific island of Anatahan, during and after the war for seven years. Von Sternberg decided that the true story was merely sordid and has added some fun and games of his own. He has succeeded in producing an arty-crafty film of unparelleled boredom. It has lost all the freshness of "RASHOMON" and it seems a pity that they took the trouble to import the man to do it.

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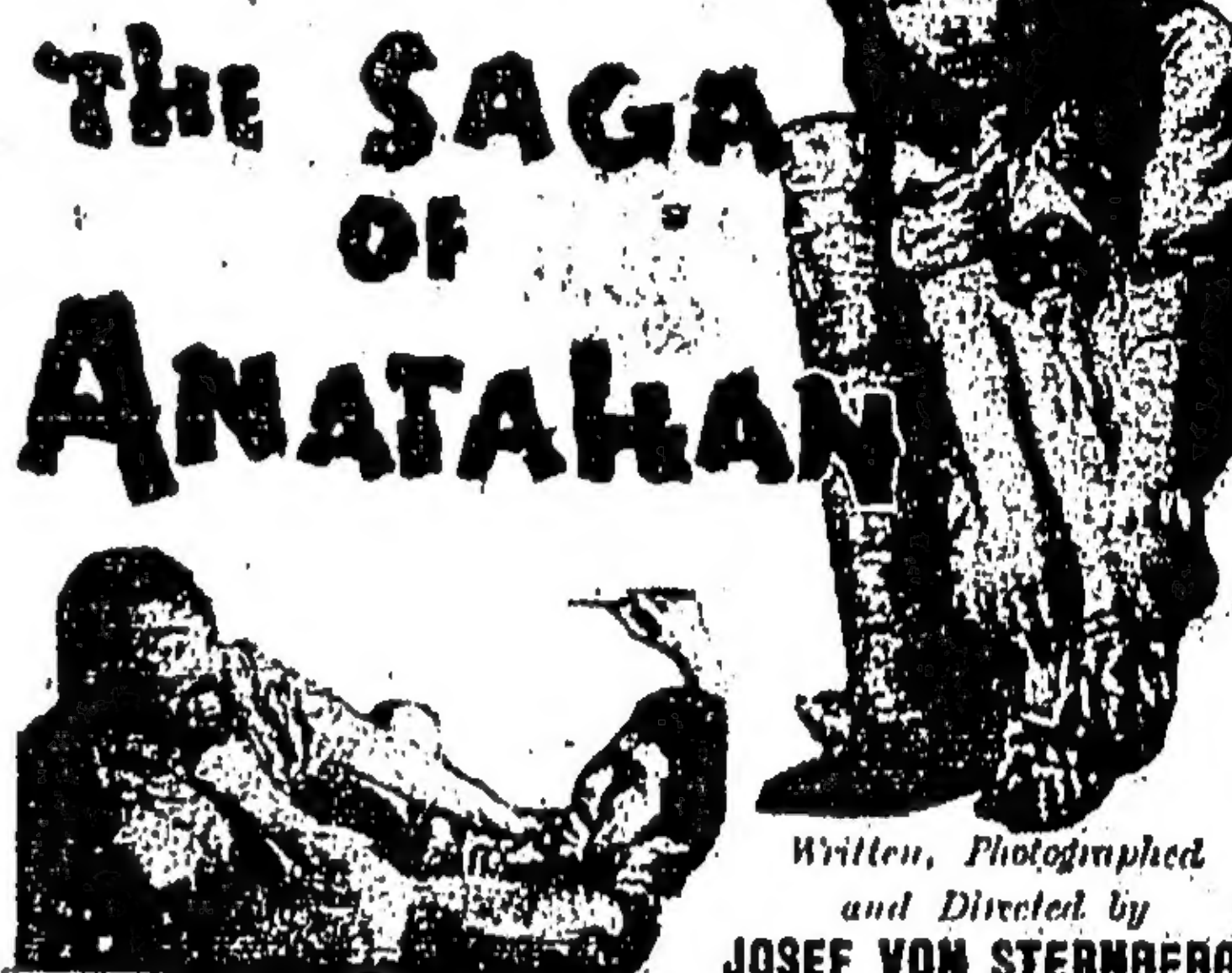
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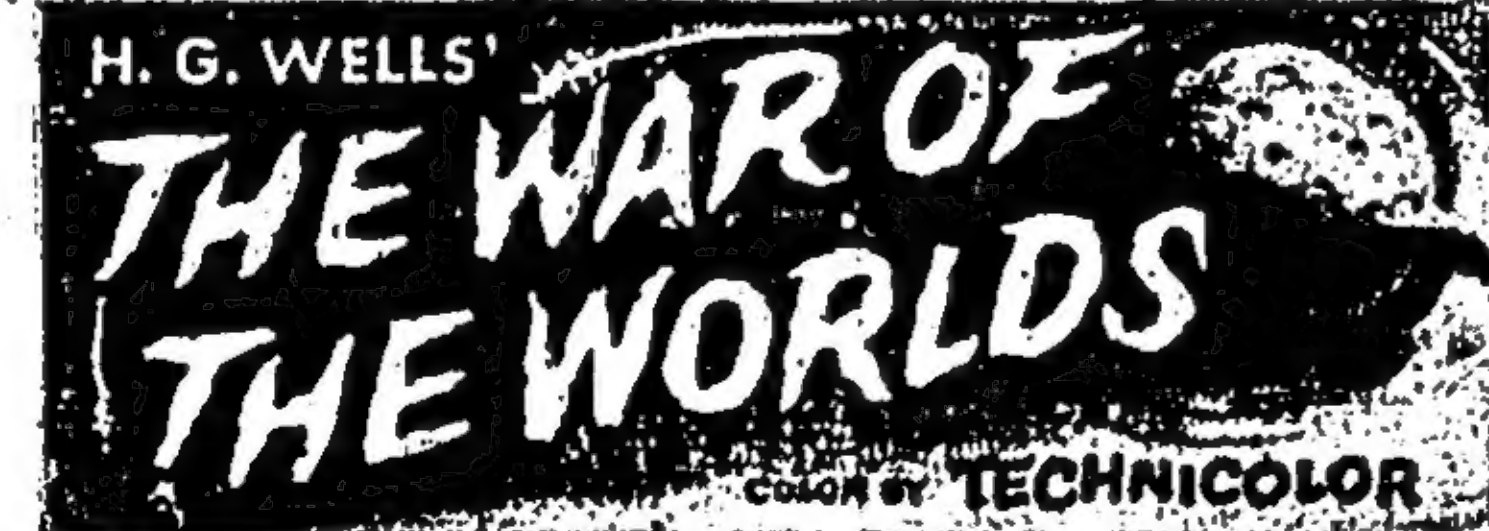
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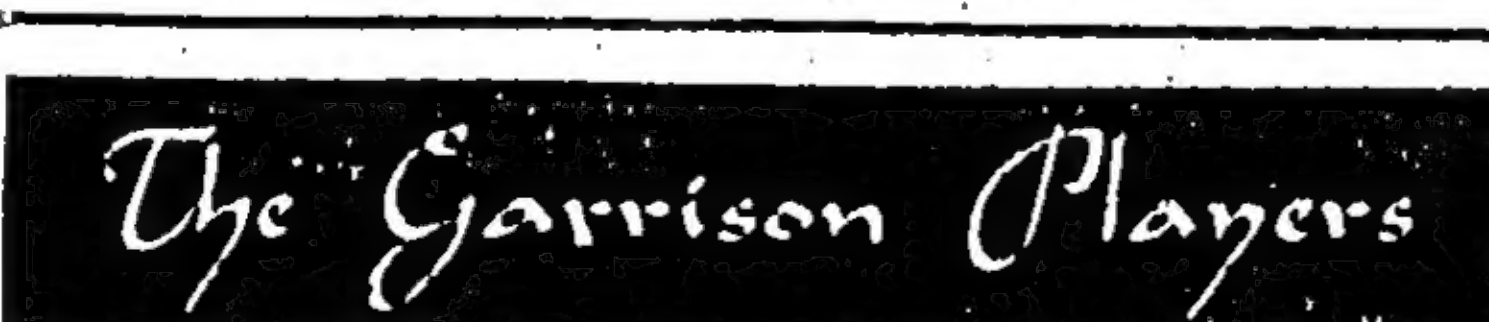
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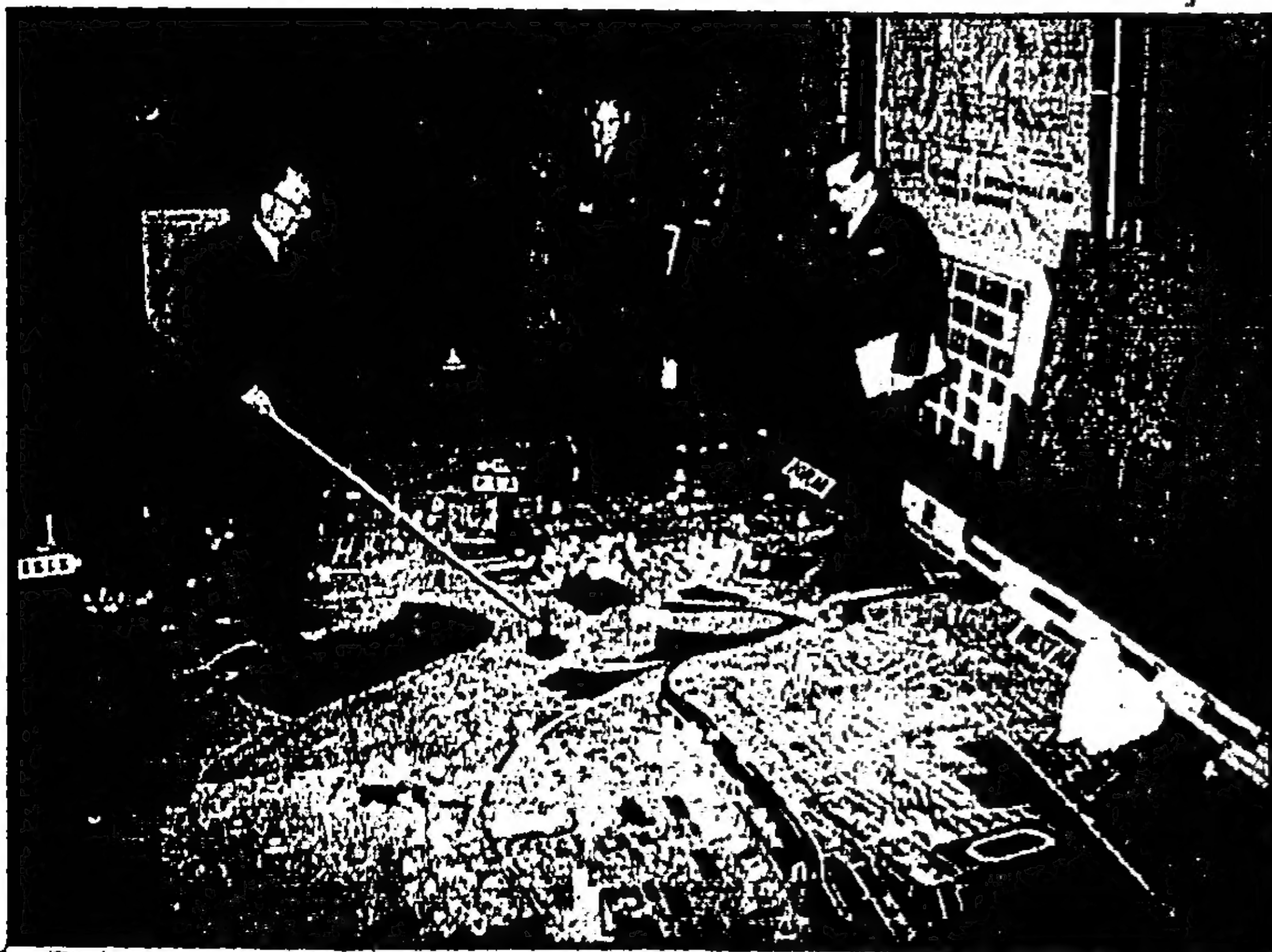
HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh presenting the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Regimental Sergeant-Major B. Hillier, DSM, after an inspection of the First Battalion, Welsh Guards, at Windsor recently. The Battalion will be leaving for the Far East shortly.



HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent chatting with Victoria Elliott after the performance of Verdi's opera "Luisa Miller" on the first night of the Sadler's Wells opera season. Miss Elliott sang the title role. (Express)



SHOWING a Japanese fan to Mr Christmas Humphreys is Mrs Hugh Orr-Ewing, the only Japanese tea mistress in Europe, after she gave the first public performance in Britain of the Japanese ceremony of Cha-no-yu (way of preparing tea) before an audience of 300 at Bedford College, Regent's Park. (Express)



POINTING to the area of a supposed atomic explosion on a model of the City of London river and dock system is Mr J. B. Patterson, Principal Officer of the London Region, Civil Defence Forces, at a preview of a secret exercise designed to study the problems which would result from an atomic explosion over the London area. He is watched by Mr E. C. Allen, Principal Scientific Officer of the Home Office, and Mr B. W. Martin, Deputy General Manager of the Port of London Authority.

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



PRINCE Alexander of Yugoslavia arrives at the Stoll Theatre for the first night of the Ballet Espagnol Pilar Lopez. He is accompanied by film actress Zena Marshall, attired in a blue mink stole. (Express)



NORFOLK fruit farmer Hubert Showell, aged 45, pictured prior to his departure from Southend Municipal Airport on a solo attempt to fly to Perth, Australia, by way of France, Italy, Greece, Karachi, Singapore, Timor and Northern Australia, in his single engine Auster Aiglet aircraft.



TWO girl students of the London School of Economics — raven-haired Erica Fuchs (left), aged 21, of Hampstead, and brunette Sylvia Fisher, 19, from Edmonton — who set off in July for Sweden with single tickets and £5 each, have just returned home with their capital intact. Erica worked for a paper exporter in Gothenburg while on holiday, and Sylvia translated English correspondence in an insurance office. Next summer they hope to do the same in another country. (Express)



FIELD Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff (left), who is C-in-C of the Somerset Light Infantry, receiving an engraved scimitar from Lt-Gen. Sir John Swayne at the War Office. It is inscribed "From His Brother Officers In The S.L.I." (Army News)



PACKING for his journey to Moscow is Sir William Hayter, Britain's new Ambassador. Lady Hayter (centre) travelled with her husband, but their 14-year-old daughter Teresa went back to school at Sevenoaks, and will only see her parents during the Christmas holidays, which she will spend in Moscow. (Express)

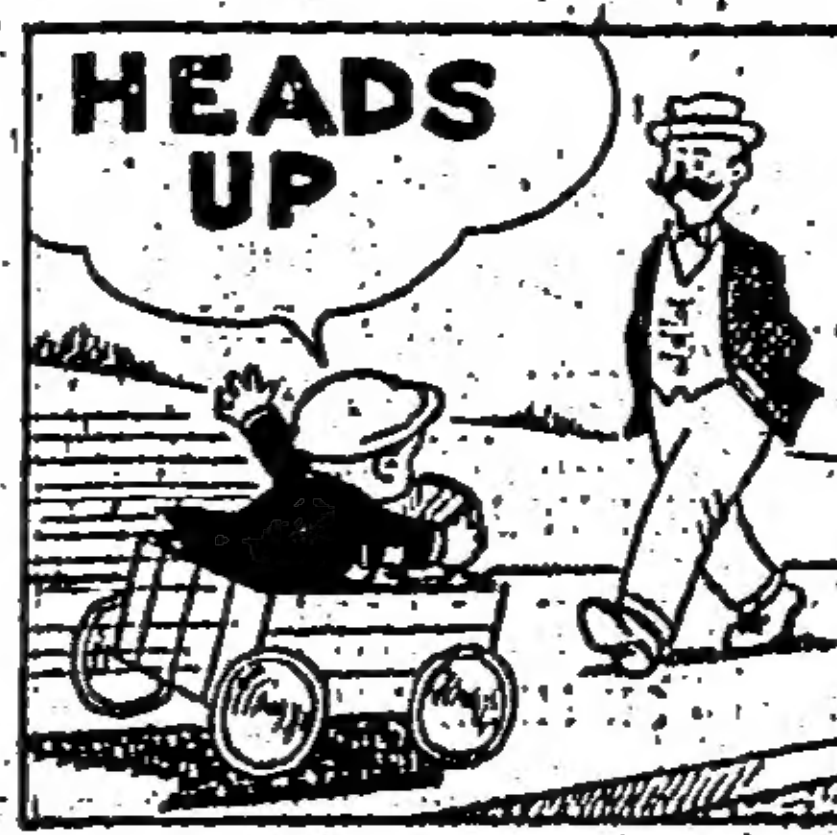


THE Marquess of Milford Haven (left) helped to run a cocktail party committee meeting in London recently, during which details were arranged for a charity dinner and ball in aid of the West Ham Boys and Amateur Boxing Club, of which the Marquess is President. He is seen chatting with Mrs B. Pearson and Mr Henry Freedman. (Express)

NANCY

Stretching A Point!

By Ernie Bushmiller



U.S.A. buys bases in Spain, hey ho . . . by GILES



London Express Service

IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN WITH SENOR JOE

VISITING card in hand, I walked into the panelled office of Rear Admiral Francisco Nunez, Chief of Staff at Cartagena, one of Spain's naval bases on the Mediterranean.

Expert observers are certain that heavily fortified Cartagena, with its superb natural harbour guarded by harsh mountains, will be one of the spots the Americans will choose as a base under the terms of the newly concluded pact between Spain and the United States.

Admiral Nunez, a short, clean-shaven man, was wearing a white drill uniform, and as I entered, one of his A.D.C.s was hastily buttoning up the collar of the admiral's jacket, which had been opened for greater comfort in the humid office.

Flanked by his two aides—one a craggy-featured officer with greying hair, the other a handsome Hollywood type complete with sunken and Clark Gable moustache—the admiral listened impassively to my request for his comment on the forthcoming arrival of the American base party, and whether he looked forward to this new collaboration.

"I have absolutely no feelings in the matter at all, I hold no opinion, I do my duty, I do what I am told," he observed.

Unenthusiastic

I suggested that without getting on to controversial political ground, he might like to say something indicating polite pleasure at the arrival of the U.S. naval forces in Cartagena.

But he maintained a strict lack of enthusiasm. "Do I look forward to co-operation with the Americans? Ah, I have absolutely nothing to say."

There was a pause, and the grey-haired aide, seeing that I was looking nonplussed, came to the rescue.

"Behold!" he said, making an elaborate gesture as though he were sheathing a sword. "Suppose we are ordered to make such a gesture, then of course we must do it. There is no choice on our part—orders are orders."

Another pause. Then I ventured to ask if they are aware that America's is a "dry" navy. Instantly the spell is broken. All is animation.

The grey-haired aide claps his hands to his temples and rocks his head from side to side in mock dismay. "Tomato juice! Tomato juice!" he cries. And the admiral, unbending, chimes in ruefully with "Coca-Cola!"

It turns out that only a couple of weeks ago Cartagena played host to some destroyers of the U.S. Sixth Fleet. The Spanish brass was invited to lunch on board.

Things started off promisingly with some excellent aperitifs—but there were served in a club or a hotel, no place. And ashore. With the actual meal on one of the destroyers, the

No hot dogs and no juke boxes, no easy dates with señoritas

admiral recalls with a shudder, only ice water and soft drinks. And the grey-haired aide adds that there was rumoured to be a bottle of cognac in the ship's sick bay, but this was not forthcoming.

Back in Madrid, United States Ambassador James Dunn had impressed on me that it is not planned to station American men on the Spanish bases in any great quantity.

Air squadrons will be "rotated" at short intervals. Troops and sailors will invariably wear civilian clothes away from their bases, and Americans will "blend over backwards"—not to upset the touchy Spaniards on questions of sovereignty or prestige.

And I hear that the Americans are going to put their men through a special three months' "orientation" course before they come to Spain.

But all the same... Knowing America and Americans as I do, the impact of even a few hundred, free-wheeling, free-spending Americans on a spot like Cartagena (or Cadiz or Ferrol) is going to have roughly the same result as a minor tornado.

For Cartagena is fairly far off the beaten track. It is in a harsh and forbidding corner of Spain, surrounded by barren plains punctuated by lead and zinc mines, and windmills worked by sails which are unfurled as for a ship.

From the top of one of the many hills which dominate the plain, one looks down on to a rather Moorish-looking mass of blank-walled houses.

The submarines and cruisers refitting in the harbour seem to be visitors from another century.

In the clear Spanish sunshine, the white-jacketed marines on sentry duty outside the Captain-General's house march back and forth against a glowing background of olivanders and bougainvilleas.

And as I wandered about the town I found my mind flitting into a series of "flash forwards"—to the time when the Americans have arrived.

This narrow little street, the Calle Mayor, is where all of Cartagena turns out around sundown every evening for the traditional Spanish parade before late dinner. No wheeled traffic is allowed in it, and the black-uniformed choibacter do a roaring trade among the cafe tables.

FLASH FORWARD: "Hey, Joe! This is the main stem here, but you can't find a hamburger or a hotdog, no place. And ashore. With the actual meal on one of the destroyers, the

say, I asked for a glass of milk

back there and they served it warm."

I visited the local yacht harbour on the suggestion of Admiral Nunez. A pleasant spot, with the sea lapping under the verandah and yachts bobbing at their moorings.

When I arrived the place was full of people drinking aperitifs. But by the time I had finished dinner I was alone. Everyone else went home on the stroke of 10. It was like the transformation scene in a pantomime.

FLASH FORWARD: "Hey, Joe! This town gives me the

RENE MacCOLL

—now touring Spain to investigate the situation following the pact with America, sends his third report. He cables from — Cartagena.

Where did everyone go? Put a nickel in the juke-box, Joe, let's have a little music. What... no juke-box? What d'ye know about that!"

In the outskirts of Cartagena the appearance of the small French touring car I was in caused tremendous excitement. People rushed from their houses to inspect it, leaving the old and the infirm to festoon the windows. Stray cars are scarce in Cartagena.

FLASH FORWARD: "Hey, Joe! Why do these people stare at us like that? Do they think we're nuts or something? Ain't they never seen an automobile before? I don't get it, Joe."

The young girls—many of them blonde—form strictly to Spanish etiquette. They walk in twos or threes, or arm-in-arm with their mothers. Acquaintanceship must be arranged, if at all, with the utmost punctilio.

FLASH FORWARD: "Hey, Joe! I've just about wore myself out trying to date up these babes. Some of them are pretty nice lookers—but they sure give you the brush-off."

Amazonas who stand for no nonsense about divorce. On 10-mile square Botei Tolo near Formosa, women's rule is absolute. They decide everything.

No nonsense from male judges. When a woman has had enough of a husband she just says "Off with you" and away he goes.

Some matrilarchs have had 10 or 15 husbands.

The women get the best fish, and woe to a bungler of a fisherman. If he has no fish he gets not even one wife.

The woman explorer is Mrs. Carveth Wells, wife of a British-born explorer, who lived in the Malayan jungle for six years to survey a railway route.

At least 15,000 Americans expect to spend this week-end under water.

They are amateur "frogmen." They have spent £20 for diving lung equipment which permits them to plop down as far as 300 feet.

Equipment includes compressed air tank, face mask, harpoon spear, or crossbow. Down in the peaceful green

A WOMAN explorer is off to an island of Oriental

SCOTCH imports will be stepped up five to seven percent next year, importer Edward O'Leary says.

Shipments have increased by more than 6,000,000 gallons a year since the war.

In Washington the Justice Department has begun a full-scale investigation of the domestic liquor industry.

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"Finally this Spanish character I got to know introduced me to his cousin. I asked her out to the movies—they're showing a film Errol Flynn made about 12 years ago—and she says okay."

"But, Joe, when I meet her at the movie theatre—she's got her old mother along with her."

Cartagena may be strategically at the top of the list. At Escambrera, next door, stands one of Europe's most important oil refineries. Tommygunners in olive-green uniforms patrol the walls of Cartagena's arsenal. And civilians are firmly kept out of the roads leading to the mountain-top strong-points down near the harbour.

Far cry

But the Americans are going to find it a very "far cry from Main Street."

Perhaps Cartagena will learn. Perhaps the next time I go back there I will find crew-cuts and blue jeans. I have an idea that they could learn fast.

For, when I got out of the car to have a look at the view, a gang of ragged little boys appeared from nowhere. They rushed at me crying in English "Americans! Americans! Very rich. Money please."

Now where could they have picked up an idea like that?

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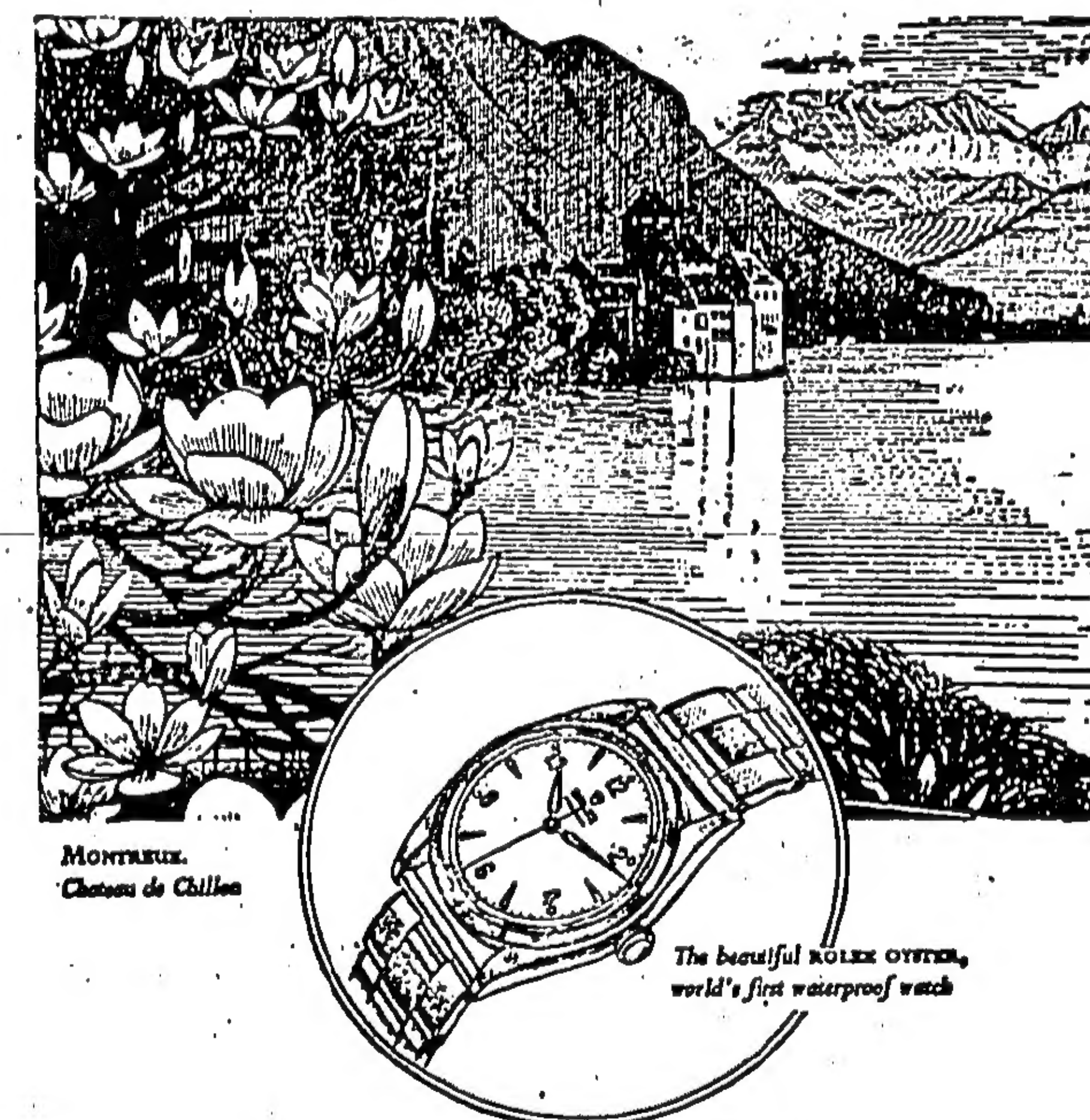


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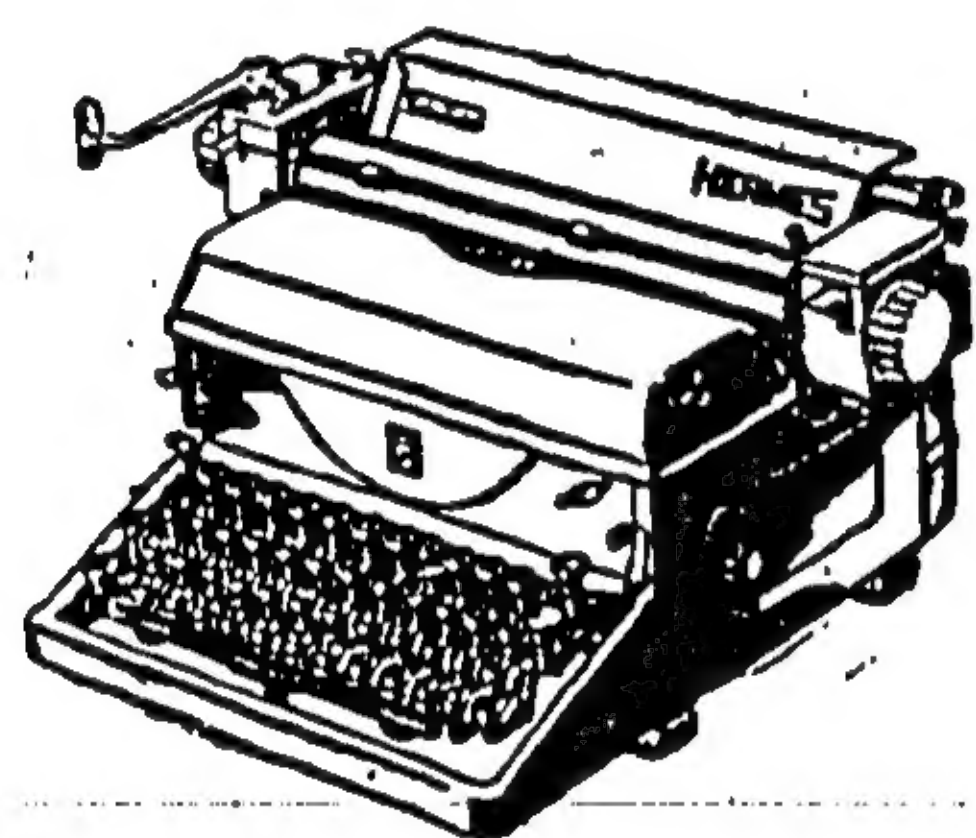
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BUT I LIKE MY SCIENTISTS **CRAZY**

So please leave 'em alone, says
Wayne Mineau

AN old love of mine is in danger. I happen to be a devotee of films and stories which thrive in that paradoxical world called Science Fiction.

When the giant Hollywood space-ship is zooming at 5,000 miles an hour away from earth towards the planet Zabarius (everyone knows Zabarius) I experience a vibratory thrill.

When some blonde co-ed captain turns to his co-pilot and snaps: "Switch off the cosmic diffuser," my fibres just ripple with an electronic warmth.

I know exactly what he means by the cosmic diffuser. Just as I know that a death ray requires super-sonic recharging every so often.

Likewise, with the movie starring that lovely girl scientist who cogitates and experiments so objectively across the lab, from a thoughtful young genius-doctor.

Around six o'clock, having put away scientific things for the night, he softly calls her by name and she answers: "Just a minute, I have to finish this differential equation."

He throws her an affectionate smile of academic goodness and understanding. And so do I.

MONSTER

BUT because I have absorbed and understood Science in this way for so long, I am a shade nervous about the scientific film premiere that is being watched by doctors, research experts, psychologists, and technicians attending the International Scientific Film Con-

gress at South Bank National Film Theatre. Mr. Jack Smith, a young science master at a London school, and secretary of the Film Teachers' Society, is regaling the experts with a film lecture about "Frankenstein and the Backroom Boys."

They watch, among others, that excerpt of the movie "Bride of Frankenstein," where the baron and his evil genius (Dr. Pretorius) are concentrated at the dissecting table while the original monster looks on.

The "body" of the "bride" has already been created when the baron suddenly looks up to say: "Shall we put the heart in now?"

I have a nasty feeling that all those watching experts are going to let out a loud public guffaw when they see it.

DEATH RAYS

AND before long, some awful campaign of "education" to make Science Fiction films boringly accurate, and more "mature," is bound to be launched.

Introducing the premiere, our friend Mr. Jack Smith gives warning: he says that for every hundred films about death rays, resurrecting human organs fished from the grave, or hazardous excursions into outer space, "there is perhaps one film with a genuine portrait of the scientist and his work."

You can see what will happen. What they'll do, these educationists, if we're not careful, is to turn Frankenstein and Boris Karloff and Mr. Hyde and the lovely girl scientist into decent, hard-working citizens of the community, drat them. For the experts cannot see Science as something somewhat secret and hellish—to be pursued experi-

NOW THE SECRET MAY BE KNOWN

By Yorke Henderson

WRITERS of all nations have waxed fat speculating on the Mayerling Hunting Lodge mystery. On a snowy night in 1889 dashing Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph and lovely Baroness Mary Vetsera died together there and left behind an enigma to rank with the fate of the ghost ship "Marie Celeste."

At least one movie-producer worked a profitable ill-starred lovers' plot around the mystery. Now it seems that somebody knew the whole story—Rudolph's tragic mother, the Empress Elizabeth. But she died under an assassin's knife before she could tell the whole truth—if she ever intended to.

The most probable of all the theories was that Rudolph, devastated by an order from his father, Emperor Franz Josef, to end his illicit love affair with the beautiful Baroness, shot her, then turned his gun on himself. But even that was only a guess. The time and place were ripe for high melodrama. Anything could have happened.

Now the secret may be known. The Czech Government has offered to return to Austria a private strong box which belonged to the Empress Elizabeth containing a diary marked "Not to be opened until 1950."

Could it contain the answer to the sixty-year-old riddle? Austrian historians think it might.

In return the Czechs want the files of the Prague Insurance Company, left in Vienna when the war ended.

mentally in ruined towers with the aid of hunchbacks and deaf-mutes, thunderstorms, body-snatching, Martians, and a scientific vocabulary which is perfectly comprehensible to anyone but an expert.

Does anyone remember that insipidly "decent" wife in the original Frankenstein who, after the baron has been out on the tiles looking for fresh young bodies, says to him: "What you're doing is all wrong...all wrong?"

Well, our latter-day experts are exactly the same kind of goody-goodies.

Leave Science Fiction films alone, I say. Once we let the scientists and psychologists nose in the studios the very first thing they'll do is to switch off the cosmic diffuser—for good.

And if that happens, you can be quite certain we just won't ever see Marilyn Monroe's interpretation of Madame Curie, which would be a pity.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



For insects, this is the worst news

THE PAINT OF DEATH

By MacDonald Hastings

WITHIN 12 months you should be able to treat your home so that no insect—fly, cockroach, or clothes moth—can survive. Two young Canadian scientists, working in Britain, have developed a new method of insect-proofing anything from a ship to a clothes cupboard which is 100 percent effective for years on end.

They use a transparent lacquer which can be sprayed like a varnish on any painted or tiled surface. It is the most important and revolutionary advance in insect control since the discovery during the war years of DDT.

The coming of Urocyt, a formaldehyde resin, which is being produced on a commercial scale, means that today's insect sprays are as old hat as mothballs.

Best news of all: the world patents for the new invention belong exclusively to Britain. The story began during the war when Government scientists were searching for methods to beat the beetle fly in Africa. Spraying from aircraft was only partly effective, as the chemical was absorbed by the vegetation before the fly's breeding cycle was complete.

The Problem

The chemists realised what was wanted was some sort of resinous reservoir to preserve the insecticide in an effective state for long periods.

Somebody remembered that the Americans had the notion of putting insecticides into paint.

But the American experiment failed because the surface of the paint became so tough it sealed up the insecticide.

The problem was to find a formula for a resin which would be hard enough to house the chemical but soft enough to allow it to kill.

Mr. Paul Tracey, of the Colonial Office Insecticide Committee, was put to work to discover a suitable resin. He hit on the right formula. But nothing was done to develop it.

Then, in May 1950, a young scientist from Ontario, Joseph Lawrence Hitchon, joined the staff of the Agricultural Research Council in London.

He studied Tracey's findings. He saw that there was an idea far bigger than anyone had so far grasped.

Hitchon tried to stir up official interest. He argued that an insecticide lacquer like this could solve a world problem.

But he argued in vain. So he went to industry. He scrounged materials and equipment. He got the support of Dr. M. T. Morgan, Medical Officer of Health of the Port of London.

In collaboration with Dr. Morgan, Hitchon laid on the first experimental applications of the lacquer with his own hands in ships' galleys.

The results were spectacular. Cockroaches, notoriously the most difficult brutes to deal with, were wiped out. In the ships he treated, every insect was killed.

While Hitchon was carrying out his early experiments, rumours of the new hush-hush lacquer reached another Canadian scientist named Miles David Price.

Price, from Manitoba, had worked in various research departments at Britain's giant Imperial Chemical Industries and then, believing that most methods of industrial pest control in Britain were not good enough, he had managed to raise £1,000 to start his own laboratories.

The Test

Price was also working with Dr. Morgan on rat destruction. Through Dr. Morgan the two scientists got together.

The new resinous lacquer was first given a practical test by Hitchon two years ago. Commercial manufacture started a few months back. Only now are the materials available in quantity.

Under laboratory conditions the new lacquer, mixed with the highly active insecticide known as Dieldrin, which is eight to ten times more lethal than DDT, is still 100 percent effective after four years. Treated ships, after two years, are still immune from infestation.

The new lacquer grows an invisible bloom of insecticide like the bloom of a grape. The insect is destroyed by minute micro-crystals which keep on popping up until, after years, the chemical is finally exhausted. If the surface bloom is removed by washing, a fresh group of micro-crystals is thrown up on the face of the lacquer from the reservoir below.

Further, there is no lessening at all in the strength of the lethal dose. The new lacquer remains at maximum efficiency

The Benefit

Airlines, which are spending thousands a year on pest control, can use the new lacquer to free aircraft permanently from the invasion of the yellow fever mosquito and every form of tropical pest.

Soon, every housewife will benefit from the discovery. The problem at present is that the lacquer has to be put on by trained men who must know not only how to apply it but where to apply it, because experiments are showing that, as a temporary measure, it is not necessary to cover complete surfaces, but only the corners where insects hide out.

At the present time, the new lacquer is still expensive. It costs 87s. 8d a gallon but, in the hands of experts, it can be used so economically that a 10,000-ton ship can be made pest-free by a "hot spot" treatment of six to ten gallons.

But it will not be long before mass production brings the price down.



Focus on the
cuppa-and-wad

STILL THE CASH IS SECRET

OCTOBER 1 was Black Thursday for all the Forces' families who buy their groceries at the Naafl. Down went their discount from 2s. to 1s. 6d. in the £ at the 470 shops belonging to the Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes.

It has not happened before in the 33 years since Naafl took over the job as official caterers to the Services. The wives have been told: "Profit margins are down; operating costs are up."

Their husbands were told the same story when tea went up from 1½d. to 2d. a cup in all the Naafl canteens. That particular piece of price-fixing has been bringing in an extra £1,000 a day for the past ten months. Now what is happening to the money from the million customers-in-uniform in this world-wide business with its £71,000,000-a-year turnover?

Remember that Naafl, although a limited company, is strictly "an association not for profit." That is laid down clearly in its articles of association, the legal book of rules that tells Naafl what it can do.

Baffling

NEARLY £4,500,000 was handed back to the troops last year. It was paid in monthly cash rebates to the welfare fund of each unit, by cash discounts to customers at the shops, and in yearly cash donations to the central benevolent funds of the three Services.

While they wait for the counter shutters to go up, the Naafl balance-sheet pinned up in the canteen.

Even a chartered accountant would be baffled by the balance-sheet. It is no better than a wet blanket on such vital statistics as profit margins, overheads, and running costs.

I tried to find out about them at Ruxley Towers, the rural Surrey wartime hide-out that has lingered on as Naafl's H.Q.

As a one-time country seat of the Foley barons, this rambling turreted mansion was known locally as "Foley's Folly."

That was until Naafl bought it as an evacuation centre a year before the war.

The public officials at Ruxley Towers said: "The kind of breakdown you ask for would involve disclosure of information which Naafl—as a commercial concern—would not contemplate."

So there you have a vast official trading organisation getting the best of two worlds.

As a "non-profit corporation" it has a privileged place in getting the custom of Servicemen and women in 1,503 canteens and clubs, as well as the 470 shops.

Why? Why?

BUT it can truthfully blazon a motto to troops everywhere: "We serve the men who serve. Without YOU Naafl would not exist."

That sounds fine—until a customer wants to find out just how well 'he is being served. Then the corporation grows coy and pleads that it is just a limited company after all.

I put some new questions: **WHY** did Naafl take over catering at SHAPE headquarters in Paris—providing French cooking-de-luxe for the top brass of 14 nations?

Naafl's come-back: We were invited to do so by SHAPE and regarded it as an honour. British troops' spending is certainly not subsidising this.

**JAMES
BARTLETT**
takes a look
into the
canteen till...



WHY did Naafl take on the catering at Lancaster House, the Government's hospitality centre in The Mall, when no troops of any nation were involved?

Naafl's come-back: The Government Hospitality Fund could get nobody else to do it at the time. We accepted on the understanding that no loss would fall on Naafl funds. We do not cater there now.

WHY did Naafl run clubs for the civilians of the Control Commission in Germany?

Naafl's come-back: The Foreign Office asked us to do so. The clubs, all closed now, were self-supporting and any surpluses were paid back to the Control Commission.

First claim

DO you spot how this giant organisation attracts Government officials looking for a handy catering outfit?

They tend to forget that the men and women in the Forces have first and last claim on all Naafl's activities.

The Admiralty, the Army Council, and the Air Council control Naafl finance and policy; they have four members each on the 12-strong Naafl Council that meets twice a year.

Under them come seven members of the board of management. Three members on this board are serving officers, the other four must be "civilians of commercial experience."

They include such business chiefs as 55-year-old Sir Lancaster Boyle, his ending his 12 years' chairmanship this autumn to go back, as full-time boss of such free enterprise firms as Liptons and the Home and Colonial Stores.

But for all this top-weight of 19 watchdogs, Naafl is not responsible for salaries until Major-General Sir Randle Fildes is reached. He is 49, an Old Etonian, an ex-Coldstream Guards officer who ended his Army career as vice-quartermaster-general four years ago to become Naafl's general manager.

At about the same time too he was elected a member of the Jockey Club, of which he became third steward last year. He heads a staff of 40,000 in Naafl, backed by seven department heads.

What is he paid? That's a secret. What are the costs of the headquarters' administration? That is a secret too.

Bad policy

NAAFI stays mum on such details. It is a bad, bad policy. It means that, however well-run is Naafl, every soldier, sailor, and airman suspects that somehow he is being fleeced.

He might not feel that way if he is lucky enough to be near one of the 13, luxurious Naafl clubs with their lounges, ball-rooms and super-restaurants.

But he quickly echoes the traditional grouse against Naafl when he has to sit in a draughty cheerless canteen with a "cup of char and a wad" or a soggy plate of lukewarm sausage and mash in front of him.

It is time that Naafl stopped hiding its running costs behind the shelter of its "limited company" label.

Other corporations—British Overseas Airways, for example—can meet fierce competition and still publish a yearly report showing how much its staff is paid, how much is spent on administration, how much goes out even on postage and telephone calls.

The tight-lipped secrecy of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry, becomes ludicrous when it spreads to the Naafl's grocery bill.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation
calls for a

**San
Miguel**

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

If you'd keep your complexion youthful-looking, now's the time to massage in creams that will help combat the dryness and aging.



Don't Let Age Catch Up With You!

By HELEN FOLLETT

AS far as your complexion is concerned, you should keep an eye on the future. It isn't just how you look today but how you are going to look when a decade rolls by.

Glance about you and regard the middle-aged women of your acquaintance. Some look ten years older than their age, some ten years younger. The latter group are smarter. They didn't let age catch up with them.

Complexion Enemies

Your complexion has enemies—strong sunlight, harsh winds, atmospheric dust and sometimes yourself. Do facial acrobatics and you will wear your face with little accordion pleats and put wrinkles around your eyes. That's silly. Why beckon beauty problems to come along and stay for life?

Keep your face firm by using gentle massage when you apply

fragrant creams. Don't rub in the emollient with wide circles. Do light, delicate movements. Dig your fingers along the jaw line so saggy won't come. By that we mean you should do quick little dance steps with your fingers.

Girls in their twenties usually need nothing more than thorough, fastidious face washing, a cream to remove make-up before the washing, a heavier one to apply later. Along in the thirties, it may be wise to use a stimulating tonic to rattle up the blood streams. In the forties, practically every woman should use an astringent and lots of cold water. A friction with an ice cube now and then will help tone the flesh, keep wrinkles from forming.

You don't like ice frictions? They shiver your numbers? Well, what if? In the great and glorious cause of pulchritude one is expected to suffer slightly.

Exercise To Banish The One Cylinder Look

By IDA JEAN KAIN

FLAT-chested girls keep asking for a routine to put a little meat on the collarbones and banish the picked chicken look across the chest. Fine—all this and better health too.

The right kind of exercise can work wonders in the direction of curves by stirring up the circulation and sending nourishment to impoverished tissues. However, only the right nutrients can properly nourish the tissues. So before we ease into magic builder-uppers, check to be sure you get these health building materials in your three meals: milk, eggs, meat or fish or fowl; green and yellow vegetables; fresh fruit including grain cereals and whole bread; and butter to furnish extra calories.

EXERCISE NORMALISES

Now to the exercise... Exercise always normalises, and all exercise is developing in under-developed spots. Start off easily with massage action. On a full diet massage is developing, for it helps bring nourishment to the spot through increasing the circulation there. To turn hollows at the base of the throat into dimples, try this...

Place right hand on tip of left shoulder, and draw lightly across the base of the throat... then follow quickly by placing left hand on right shoulder and stroking across the right hollow. Repeat 20 times, alternating sides. This leaves the neckline all rosy.

Now to strengthen chest muscles and straighten shoulders... to make the most of your curves.

For this builder-upper a wand is needed—an old broom handle or the handle of the carpet sweeper serves well. Sit in a straight chair and hold the wand overhead, hands wide apart, palms forward. Then slowly lower wand behind shoulders... but do not allow head to tilt forward. Raise wand and repeat six counts. Put force on the downward motion and come up lightly, and hold head erect throughout exercise.



To make the most of your curves.

To pad the collarbones and banish that scrawny look, use my favourite keeping—the throatline-young exercise. Lie sideways across the bed, at your back, head hanging over the edge. Raise head to bed level and slowly lower, raise again, about five times. The trick is to hold with the muscles of the neck, rather than to let your head drop, all the way back.

Back up this routine with Grade A nutrition and you can turn into a beauty... or the next thing to it, which will be close enough.

Do You Know How To Relax?

FATIGUE is the enemy of good looks. If you are a too-busy woman, take time out. When you are over-tired, you are not efficient. Your brain gets sluggish. Maybe your digestion gets snappy. Such things happen in the best of families.

These are hectic times. Nobody seems to have much leisure except some of the lucky lazy ones—or are they lucky? Being lazy can mean being bored and boredom casts shadows on the face that make-up cannot camouflage.

Career girls and wage-earning wives especially should know how to relax. The homebody can catch forty winks while the baby is having his nap, but does she do it? It is not likely. She keeps right on tramping the domestic treadmill. She forgets that a success formula provides time for work and time for play.

Some women find relaxation in outdoor sports—golf, tennis, swimming, skating, according to

the season. Others can go to a movie, let their muscles go limp and pick up energy. An interesting book will make one forget the job for the time being. So, be kind to yourself, now and then. It pays in the long run.

If nothing else offers in the form of relaxation and rest, you can get it during that boring beautifying hour. Take a bath to take the ache out of your bones. Lie in warm water for five minutes to soften skin scales.

Then, take your time with your complexion creaming, your pin curling, your replacement of nail polish. Make making you will be raring to go!

Women Wear Multi-colour Locks

By GAY PAULEY

ONE beauty authority says that 85 percent of women today alter the natural colour of their crowning glory.

What's more, said Mrs. Ronda Shayne, the rush to improve on nature is just beginning. Some women already are wearing multi-colour locks.

Mrs. Shayne, a smart-looking young woman currently silver blonde, says when she and her boss believe in the nation's, perhaps the world's, largest beauty shop, it shampoos, cuts, sets, tints, dyes, bleaches, styles and/or permaments about 7,000 customers per week. The shop opened recently at Macy's a right big department store.

"Eighty-five percent of the women these days raise or tint their hair," Mrs. Shayne said positively. "We don't like to use words like bleach and dye. They sound so drastic."

Originally, Mrs. Shayne had five-toned hair. One customer got a combination of chestnut, golden and silver blondes, and two shades of red.

Most of the shop's customers want to be blonde—not necessarily silver blonde.

Asked why, Mrs. Shayne mulctered something about "gentlemen prefer..."

She sees the day when every woman will "do some kind of hair colouring" with as little fanfare as she changes her lipstick. Only a few rebellious husbands and a few die-hard females are left, she said.

FIVE-TONED HAIR

"Remember how a few years ago some women weren't going to follow the fashion for short hair?" she asked. "But they came around, it'll be the same way with colour."

The shop already has given customers three, four and even

five-toned hair. One customer got a combination of chestnut, golden and silver blondes, and two shades of red.

TASTES VARY

"We blended one shade into the other," she said. "Right striking results."

Mrs. Shayne believes the shop's range of customers gives her a pretty fair sampling of national tastes.

"We got customers who can afford just a cut," she said. "Some of our customers arrive with chauffeurs and cables. We have customers from every state... from Alaska, South America, Europe."

Her favourites are the woman who wanted to know whether the shop had an "eye cream" to make my eyes brown instead of blue, and the woman who called to complain there was no curl in her hair although she had a permanent only two months ago.

"Madam," an operator said politely, "maybe it has something to do with the way you wash your hair."

"Wash it," the woman said indignantly. "I don't wash it... what do you think I got a permanent for?"

London Girl Disillusioned Over Paris Shops

London. "The window displays that will get you," said one friend. "It's the beautiful cut of the clothes," said another. "You never see food like it in English shops," added a third.

So I got together plenty of travellers' cheques and, as I was going to Paris only for a week, decided to have a shopping spree and spend the lot.

Now I'm back from Paris, my cheques barely touched, my total purchases—a small bottle of perfume and a pair of rope-soled sandals—bought in the "flea market."

Paris, you can keep your shops. They leave me cold! I have prowled around every famous shopping place from Rue de Rivoli to Rue de la Paix and I haven't found a street that approaches the bold, colourful window displays of London's Oxford Street or the elegant artistry of Regent Street.

The dress shop windows are packed with garments in a haphazard way that seems to pay no attention to a general colour scheme.

Dull shoes

Expensive shoe shops just line up their shoes in rows—which is dull, and in pairs, which is unnecessary. And the design of the shoes! They lack the beautiful workmanship of our walking shoes, and the eye-catching appeal of "high fashion" shoes.

The clothes are so ordinary, so exactly like their sensible counterparts which one can see in our provincial shopping centres and big market towns. Except that they are about a third as dear again!

The chic, the flair, the line? Frankly, I couldn't see it. The great fashion houses can undoubtedly supply it, but for the off-the-peg clothes buyers it just doesn't seem to exist.

As for the food shops and their Continental delicacies—there wasn't a thing you couldn't buy for half the price in a good shop in Soho!

MARY WALLACE

CHIC INTERNATIONAL COUTURE MODELS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

LONDON. London fashion has adopted an international air. Stores are now buying designs, often exclusively made for them, from couturiers in Paris, Italy and Spain.

Liberty's, the first store to do so, has imported sufficient models from the recent collections to open an "International Room". Here coats, suits, cocktail and evening dresses are made up in cheaper materials and sold at half or quarter the original price.

This new department mirrors current European fashion. It has the Jacques Fath outfit of matching dress and cape in black and white tweed, the dress moulded to the figure, the cape circular in shape and fringed with black wool. It has the Schiaparelli tweed suit, in a heavy slubbed Donegal which contrasts with the turquoise blue corduroy used for the collar. And it has the Jacques Fath evening dress in water blue satin which follows the new domed skirt line—the dome created by a net lining sewn onto the satin.



Two new skirt lines from Liberty's International collection: For day—the "fluted" skirt, designed by Veneziani of Milan. He shows it on a dress in grey and flame wool, and lines the skirt with plastic horsehair to hold the shape. For evening—the sheath skirt, trimmed with tulle, made by Santa Eulalia of Barcelona. He uses a pimento shade of lace for his strapless dress.

flame, used by Veneziani of Milan for a dress with the new "fluted" skirt. (Illustrated). The other is the thick black wool, woven with crystal threads, chosen by Givenchy for a full black skirt.

Full skirts vary from the belled fullness, shown by Dior and others, to the new Italian fluted skirt. And it's essential that they have an interlining of stiff material to hold the shape. For the domed skirt, an interlining of padded canvas is used. For the fluted skirt, plastic horsehair. This is as effective as real horsehair, and it has one big advantage—it doesn't snag nylons.

Most of these designs have intricate details. One dress, by Asuncion Bastida of Madrid, has

fine chevron pleating on the sleeves and from waist to shoulder. Another, by Pedro Rodriguez of Madrid, has clever draping beneath the waist at the back, and an unusual curved buttoning at the front.

What goes wrong sometimes

when inexpensive dresses follow styles introduced by couturiers? The new princess line dresses, now appearing in the "Budget Departments" (where all clothes are under £10), provide a topical example.

Many of them look like a sack dressed up with buttons and braiding. And, of course, there's no belt to give them a definite shape. Do they need to be so obviously the poor relation?

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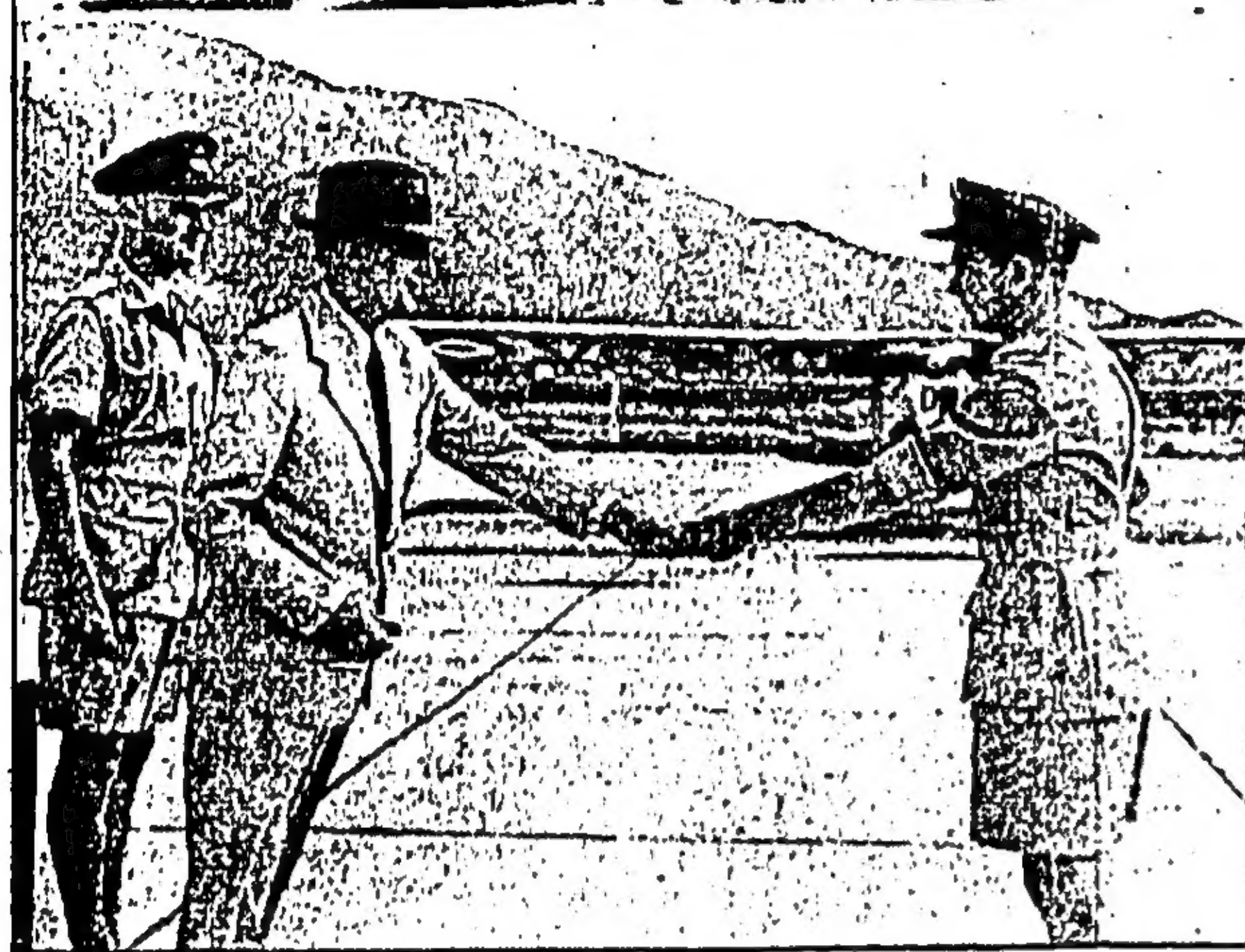
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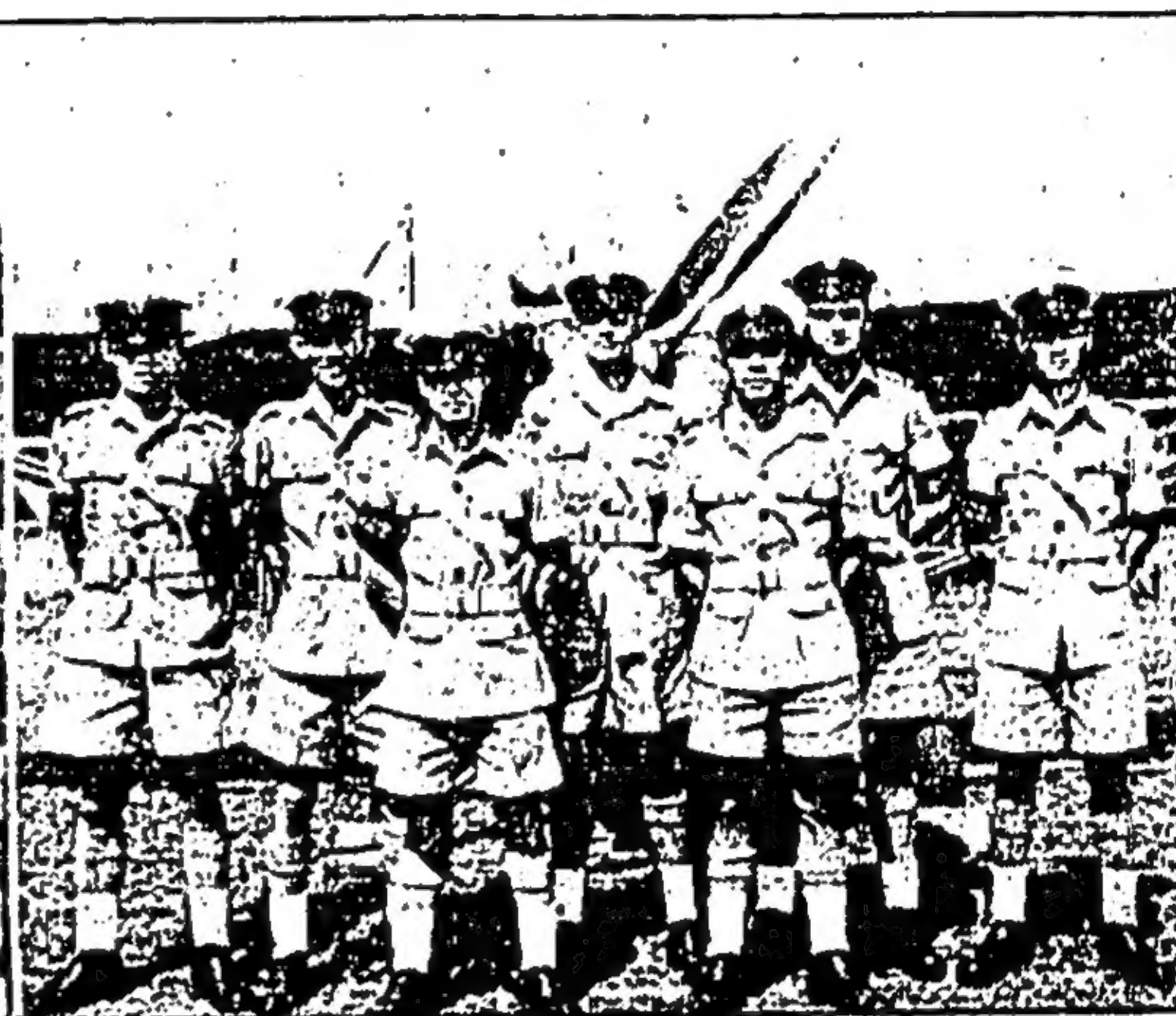
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THE Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force on parade at Sek Kong last Sunday, when His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited the Force's annual camp. His Excellency also presented full wings to two officers, one of whom, Flying Officer A. D. Bain, is seen on the left receiving his. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club players who vied for the Hancock Shield last week-end. The two-day match resulted in a 'one-wicket' victory for HKCC. (Staff Photographer)



THE recently organised Police Unit of the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force, photographed at Sek Kong where the Force is having its annual camp. Left: Flying Officer R. G. Labrum, who is shooting the first official film of HKAFF activities in 8 mm colour film. (Staff Photographer)



THE Indonesian Ambassador to Peking, Mr Arnold Mononutu (left), chatting with the Portuguese Consul, Dr Guilherme de Castilho, at a cocktail party given by the Indonesian Consul-General last week. (Staff Photographer)



TWO prominent Hongkong families figured in a recent Chicago wedding. It took place in the Chapel of the Holy Grail, and the parties were Miss Dorothy Liu, daughter of Dr and Mrs Liu Yan-tak, and Mr Foo Shun, younger son of Mr and Mrs Foo Kam-shing.

RIGHT: The whole cast of the Radio Hongkong broadcast play, "The Hopkins Manuscript," joined in the singing of John Peel in the dug-out scene. Here the four ladies in the cast join in the chorus. On the right is Rae Oblitas, who read the principal part of Hopkins. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: The French Commissioner-General for Indo-China, M. Maurice Doleau (left), snapped at Kai Tak on his arrival here last Saturday. With him is the French Consul-General in Hongkong, Vicomte Jacques de Soreac de Buxon. (Staff Photographer)



MR T. P. F. McNoice (right), President of the Singapore Family Planning Association, who gave a talk to members of the Hongkong Family Planning Association earlier this week, is greeted by Mr J. H. Ruttonjee, the Patron of the group. (Staff Photographer)

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MEMBERS of the Civil Aid Services demonstrating the rescue of people from a wrecked building. It was one of several aspects of CAS work tested in an exercise at Stanley last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

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BEN LOMOND, which won the Autumn Plate at the Happy Valley races on Monday, being led in by Mr and Mrs D. L. Prophet. The winning jockey is Mr Mike Boycott. (Staff Photographer)



AT the opening of the Sir Arthur Moser Library in the Queen Elizabeth II Youth Centre, Kowloon. The Hon. Michael W. Turner (extreme right), who performed the inauguration ceremony, is seen with (from left) Mr A. de O. Sales, Mr I. B. Trevor and Dr P. van de Linda. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Refreshments after the official opening of the new Kau Yan College. The Chairman of the Management Committee, Mr W. F. Cheung, offering sandwiches to the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education. (Staff Photographer)

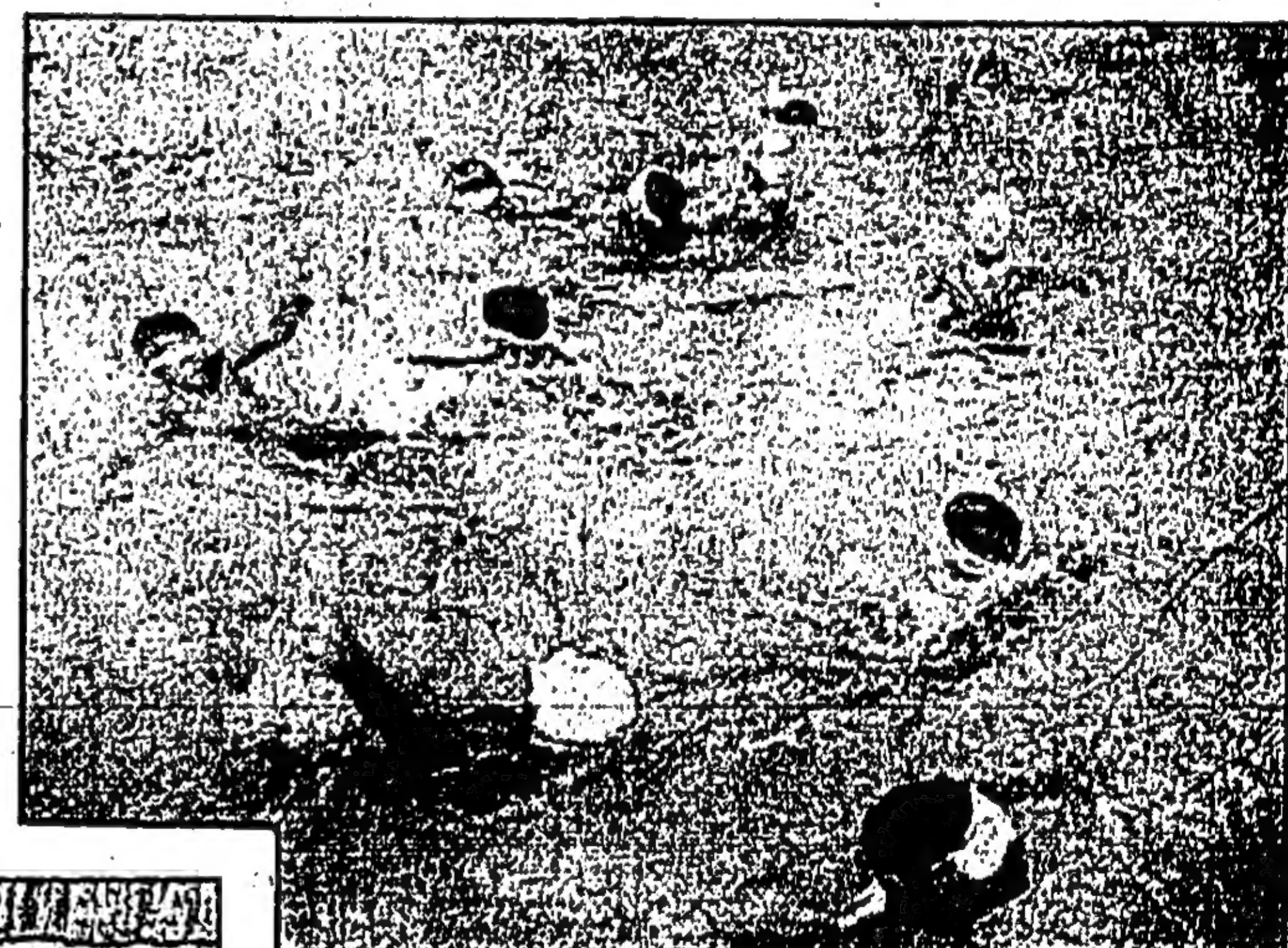


THE Choir of St Andrew's Church. Seated in centre are the Rev. Eric Hague, acting Vicar, and Mr B. C. Randall, Choirmaster and Organist. (Mainland)



MISS Lee May-tak receiving her school certificate from Canon E. W. L. Martin at the annual speech day of St Stephen's Girls' College. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: One of the most interesting events at the United Services Recreation Club children's swimming gala — the blindfold obstacle race. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who opened the new building of the Pui Ching Middle School in Waterloo Road on Wednesday, walking to the assembly hall with the Principal, Mr Lam Chi-fung, while the students lining the steps give him a great ovation. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mrs. O. M. Williams, Executive Officer of the Hongkong Branch of the British Red Cross (centre), seen with her successor, Mrs W. E. Teal, and Mr Teal at a farewell dinner given in her honour by Mr and Mrs F. T. Molwani. (Staff Photographer)



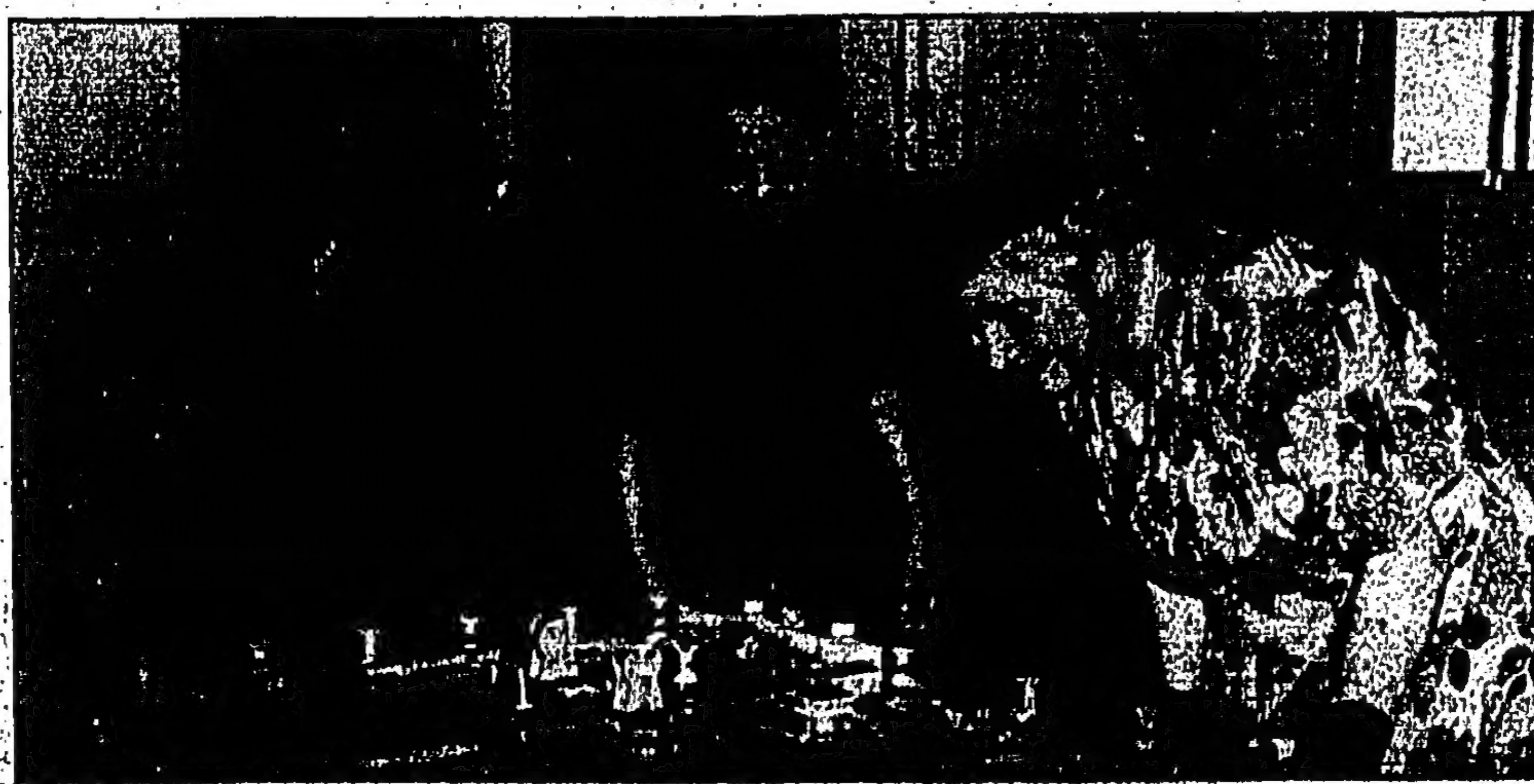
BELOW: Miss F. H. Gwilliam, Assistant Education Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, inspects a model made by student-teachers at the Northcote Training College. She is accompanied by Miss Grace Yapp. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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THE PROPER AGE FOR SCHOOL

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

IN spite of the fact that most first grade classes are overcrowded, many parents are pressing the school to admit children below the regular age for entrance; and all too often the school succumbs to pressure.

Even if the first grade class is small, the child entering it unduly early, will usually be harmed thereby. The bulk of objective evidence by school psychologists and casual observations of primary children, indicate that as a rule, it's better if a child enters school several months over age than a month or two under age.

Parents want their child to begin the first grade too soon for various reasons: he wants to go; they suppose he will be lonely, left at home; they fear he will miss out on a lot of experiences the older playmates have.

And many parents suppose their child is brighter than most other children are, regardless of the facts. Furthermore, some mothers, whether they work outside the home or not, think of the school as a parking place for a child. Then some parents, seeing that their child has few or no playmates, think of early school-entrance as an advantage. Yet he's the very child the school will be calling "immature."

As reading usually begins in the first grade, the too-young

child will have unusual eye-strain. Moreover, follow-up studies have indicated that the child beginning reading too early very often lags in reading then and later.

But suppose your child is about to enter the first grade and is a very lonely, timid child. At any reasonable sacrifice, you should find ways to attract playmates of his age to your home, just one at a time and more later. Help him win more playmates. This may require a lot of parental skill and effort and at best, success may come slowly.

Let me urge parents to attack this problem of few or no playmates when the child is only three or four, and find ways to help him mix with other children long before he is old enough for school.

Boy More Handicapped

It might not immediately harm the child to enter kindergarten unduly early, but if he does, he is all the more likely to enter first grade too early. As a rule, a boy entering the first grade too early is more handicapped than the girl, as the average girl around six is further developed than the average boy of the same chronological age. This fact may help explain why there are more boys than girls in the middle grades who are poor readers.

Anyway, parents would be wise to abide by the school's regulation and advice on when their child should enter the first grade.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, which is from the book "Decorating for Joyful Occasions" by Marjorie W. Young, shows a striking combination flower-fruit centerpiece. It is one of the examples of a variety of new ideas for festive table-settings and other house trimmings.

DON'T NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

THOUGH it may only seem like a slight cold, it is a good idea to consult a physician regarding upper respiratory symptoms, especially if a fever is present. They can be the signs of one of the most frequent cancers that can occur in man, cancer of the lung.

One reason for the small number of cures of this disease is the fact that many of the cases are not diagnosed until it is too late.

A recent study showed that an average of ten and a half months elapsed between the time the patient had the first symptoms of cancer of the lung until corrective treatment was undertaken. It was found that many patients had persistent cough, loss of weight, and even hemorrhaging from the lung for many months before consulting physicians.

Important Fact

Most of these complaints were attributed by the patients themselves to bronchitis, smoking, or other such causes. It is an important fact that even minor respiratory symptoms, particularly in men in their fifties and sixties, may be the onset of cancer of the lung.

In persons developing sudden symptoms of coughing or spitting up of blood, a physician should be consulted immediately, and X-rays taken of the chest. This is a symptom that should lead the physician to suspect the presence of a tumour.

Sometimes there will not be any lung symptoms present, but complaints of tiredness, fatigue, vague pains, and gradual loss of weight. A chest X-ray often reveals a tumour or cancer in these cases. It is believed that if routine chest X-rays are done as a preventive measure, many cases of cancer of the lung could be detected early enough to do some good.

If a case of cancer of the lung is diagnosed early, surgery can be performed that, in many cases, can save a life.

Any Housewife Can Stain Her Chosen Design, Says Floor Artist

SOME people collect New York stamps, autographs, records or old china. David Erbe collects floors.

Erbe's rambling offices in a century-old building, once carriage house and stable for a wealthy old New York family, are stocked with slabs of antique flooring, both American and European.

Some of it dates back to the 1643-1715 reign of King Louis XIV of France. Erbe has elaborately designed flooring from Louis' Palace of Versailles, including a slab which once was in Marie Antoinette's bedroom.

Erbe has flooring from the Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., building which served as headquarters for George Washington during the American Revolution. Another slab is from the former New York residence of Alexander Hamilton, first treasurer of the United States.

"If they ever renovate or tear down Monticello — Jefferson's

home—I hope to be there," said Erbe, an easy-going man of 45. "Far as we can learn, he was the first in America to use parquet."

Parquet, he explained, is the method of laying floors in geometric patterns. His floor collection is a sideline to his job as a floor artist, designing and laying floors for the wealthy.

His list of customers reads like the Social Register and some of the hallways and rooms of mansions from the eastern seaboard to Houston and Minneapolis are paved with his handiwork.

He said his best customers were the families with generations of wealth behind them because "they are extremely traditional."

"They're willing to pay \$5,000 or so for a floor which nobody else has," he added. "The woman with new wealth is not a likely prospect. If she has the \$5,000 to spend, it usually goes for a milk coat."

Erbe said bare, polished floors are coming back because decora-

tors are reviving the traditional coat of shellac. When this was dry, Erbe removed the tape, gave the floor a going over with steel wool, and a coat of wax. The result—diagonal light stripes on a dark background.

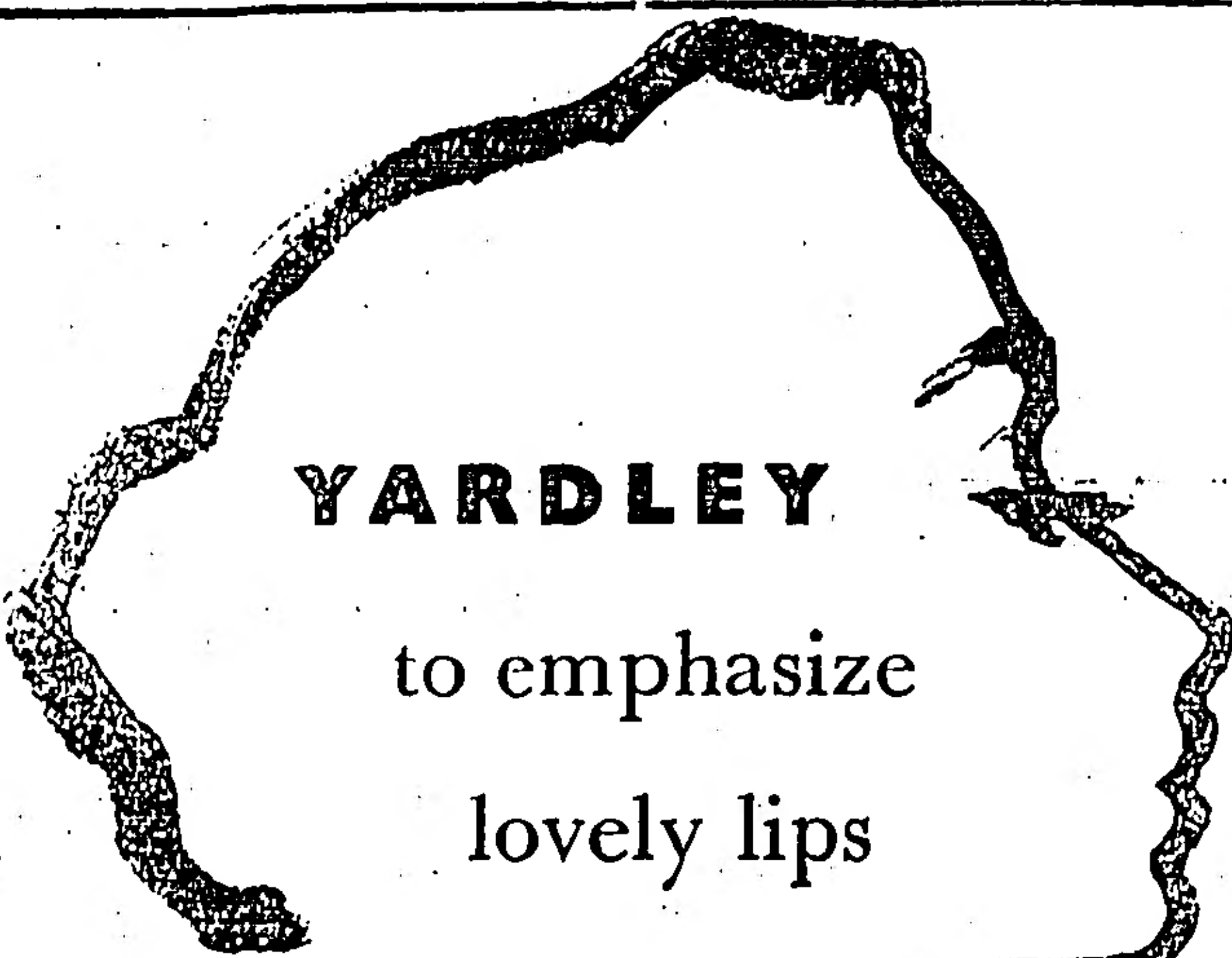
MAKE YOUR OWN

He showed one floor designed for a room setting in a large furniture store. He sanded the old finish off the hardwood oak until it was the natural golden colour. Then he used narrow strips of Scotch tape to create a diamond design. A dark, almost black, stain then was applied overall, let dry, and given a

coat of shellac. When this was dry, Erbe removed the tape, gave the floor a going over with steel wool, and a coat of wax. The result—diagonal light stripes on a dark background.

"Any housewife can stain any design she wants, either as the border around the rug, or over the entire floor," he said. "But it's like buying wallpaper—you've got to give such a project a lot of thought, not hurry home on Saturday and create a new floor for company on Sunday."

Erbe said stains will sand off anytime the homemaker wants to go back to plain hardwood, or make a new design.—United Press.



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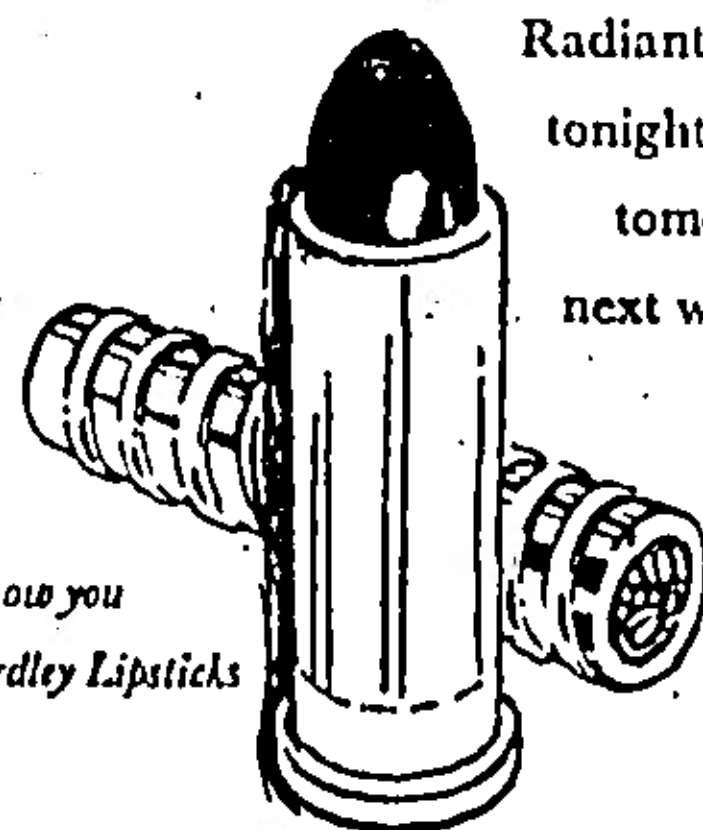
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For Sparkle, Keep Gems Clean

By Eleanor Ross

The most beautiful piece of costume jewellery, or indeed, the real thing in gems, won't register unless it is at its bright and shiny best. So see to it that your jewellery gets attention.

Diamonds, and the beautiful coloured gems—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, aquamarines—whether set in gold, platinum or palladium, should have regular washings, using lukewarm water and mild soap. Be careful the

water is lukewarm, since either hot or cold water may be harmful to these stones. An old toothbrush does a good job of getting into crevices of the settings and the backs of stones where dirt is apt to accumulate. Rinse with clear warm water, dry carefully.

Pearls, whether artificial, cultured or Oriental, should be kept really pearl-like for their delicate beauty to be really appreciated. Give artificial pearls a frequent going-over with a clean, soft cloth, and then, once every so often, dampen a soft cloth with milk soap and water, carefully drying every trace of moisture. Oriental or cultured pearls can stand an occasional washing in lukewarm water and mild soap. Dip into suds quickly, rubbing clean with a soft cloth, then just as quickly rinse in fresh lukewarm water and dry thoroughly. A good way to do this is to stretch the strand out on a soft towel.

Professional Care

Fine Oriental and cultured pearls deserve professional care, apart from home care, and should get an occasional cleaning by a jeweller.

Costume jewellery should be gone over constantly to keep it at its best, especially when the stones are set with glue. In lieu of a dunking, such pieces should be cleaned with a cloth dampened in water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Where stones are held in place by prongs, and not foil-backed, give them the soap, water and toothbrush treatment as outlined for real pieces.

HOUSES AND PEOPLE

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

IT'S true what they say about meeting such interesting people in the newspaper business. One of them is Royal Barry Wills who, while not a member of the fourth estate, has managed to meet plenty of interesting people on his own.

They march through the pages of his new book, "Houses Have Funny Bones," in amusing array. They are painters, carpenters, clients, of course, and all the other people that help make the adventures of an architect entertaining, especially an architect who has a good sense of humour and a lively imagination.

When it comes to clients, Mr Wills has had more than his share of unusual ones. A favourite was Mr Damon, a bit queer and more than a bit absent-minded. He would decide to take a bath, turn the faucets on full force and then go off to do something else, forgetting completely about the running water. As a result, the hall ceiling, directly below, had fallen four times.

His wife finally hit on a solution. Before having the ceiling replastered, she had a carpenter bore several small holes in



Much of his time, Mr Wills spends at his country place in Cohasset, Mass., where a huge staircase was once left on the front lawn.

Then there was the husky driver who appeared at the Wills home one day with a truck loaded with an entire Colonial staircase that Mr Wills had bought from an old house in Gloucester. It was purchased on the promise that it would be stored in a wrecking yard until needed, but the driver would have none of carrying it back. Instead, he dropped it on the front lawn, letting it lean against a tree, where it stayed until neighbours complained about its elephantine proportions.

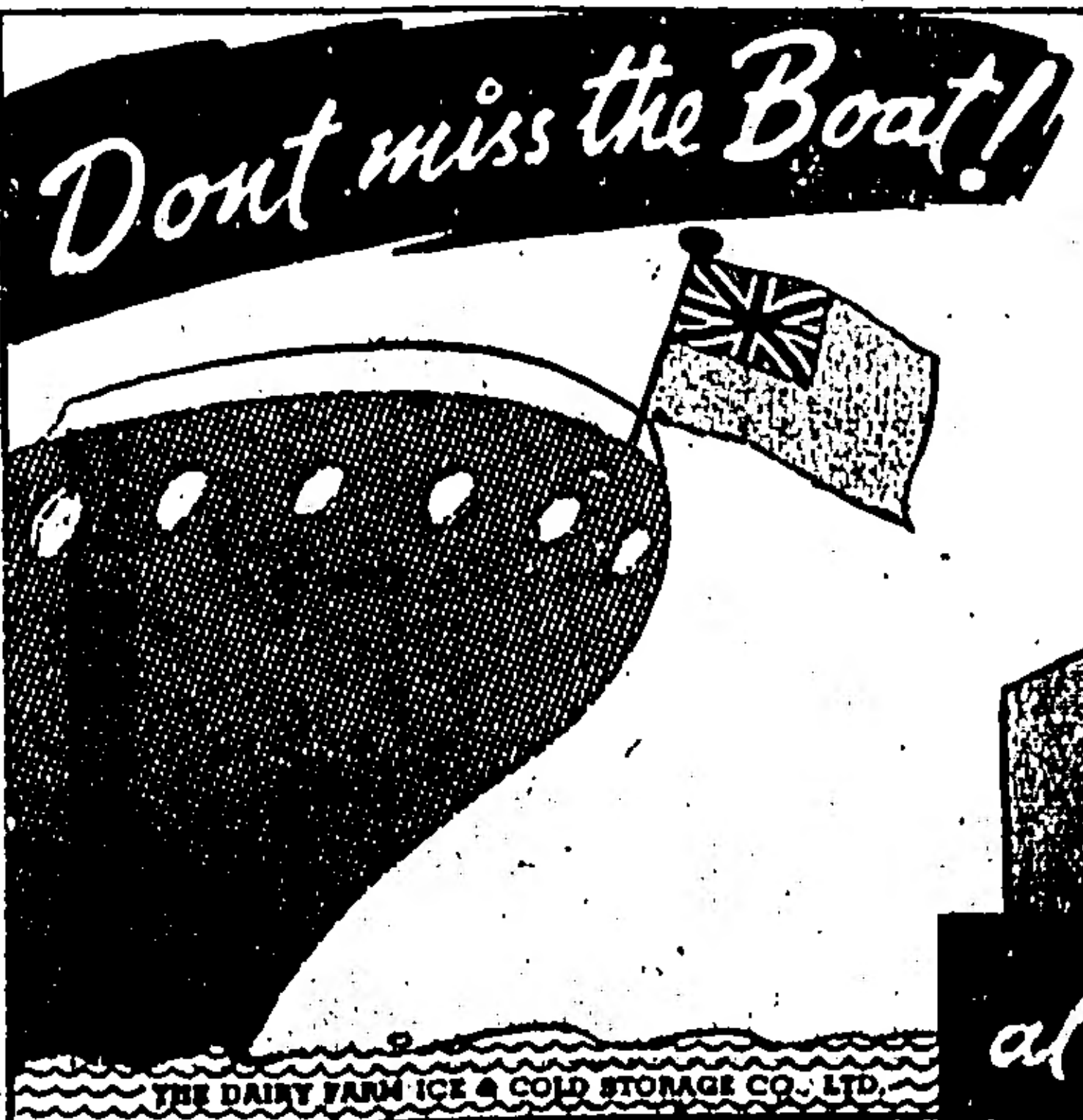
It was a fine idea until one Saturday when the bathtub overflowed through the pipes just as five of Mrs Damon's old cronies from the Women's Guild ambled into the hallway, and were drenched.

Another wealthy client thought the cost of painting the exterior of a house was too expensive, so she decided to do it herself. When it was time to paint the upper story, her chauffeur rigged a bosun's chair and hoisted her some twenty feet in the air, while he held onto a rope to keep her aloft. These are only a few of the countless characters you'll find in "Houses Have Funny Bones," a book that people with funny bones are sure to enjoy. The amusing text is illustrated with gay little sketches by Mr Wills, one of which is reproduced here.



A bricklayer with a big stomach can leave his mark on a chimney, as this sketch illustrates.

Probably nobody but Mr Wills would know a bricklayer like Luigi Paquidoro, who had trouble building chimneys. His stomach stuck out so far that inadvertently he leaned against the chimney while the mortar was still soft. As a result, most of his chimneys had a curved contour the exact shape of Luigi's stomach.

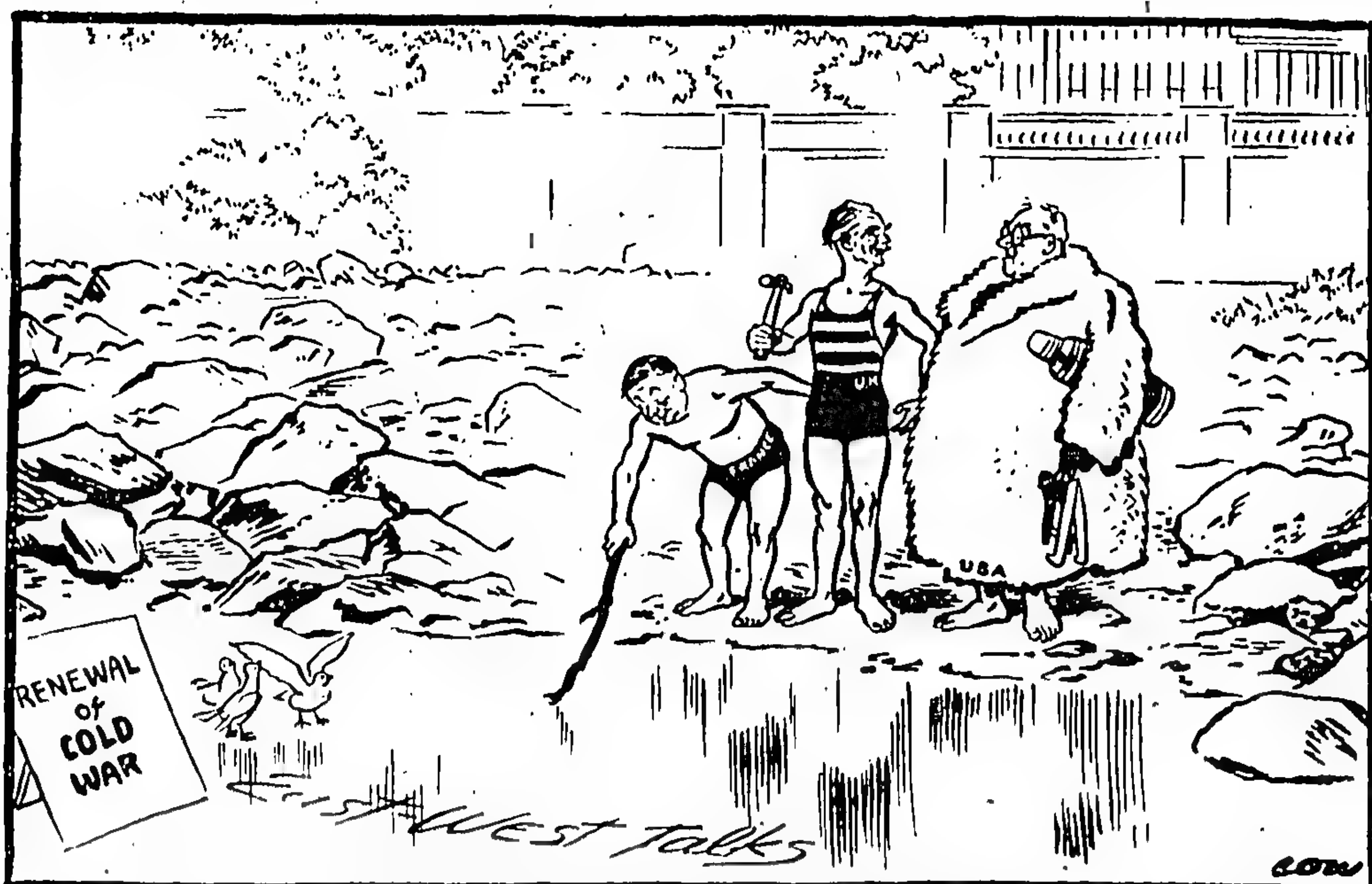


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IT'S GETTING A BIT COLD FOR BATHING

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The Woman—And Men—BEHIND GUIANA'S CRISIS

By WINIFRED GASKIN

(A Journalist from British Guiana)

THE river is more than two miles across — its waters brown and sluggish. A ship swings slowly into berth. On the timbered wharf below black hands reach out to moor it. Slowly it comes to rest — one of a long line of vessels of all nations riding beside dingy wharves.

Two uniformed coloured men — an Indian and an African — come aboard and are given the freedom of the ship. They are officers of Her Majesty's Customs. Her Majesty's Harbour-master is also coloured, and so are many of the port pilots.

For this is Georgetown, capital of British Guiana, where equality of opportunity is more than a bright idea.

British Guiana is the only spot of red on the map of South America. It is a symbol of British sovereignty and, today, of what else?

For this Commonwealth colony of 83,000 square miles and 450,000 people has hit the headlines as a large-scale Communist cell. All British warships and troops have been rushed there to ensure that the red flag extends no further than the colour on the map.

A Downing Street statement announced that "it has become evident that the intrigues of Communists and their associates, some in Ministerial posts, threaten the welfare and good administration of the colony."

They, the people

WHO are these people over whom the Red shadow of the Kremlin is suspected to loom?

They are an easy-going people, full of song and laughter. They live in Georgetown, the capital, and along the colony's 600 mile coastal fringe. Georgetown is a modern city, well laid out with broad tree-lined avenues, modern shops and comfortable wooden houses. It boasts in the beautiful cathedral of St. George, the tallest wooden building in the world.

Outside Georgetown, the people's lot is not so happy. Sir Gordon Lethem, a former Governor of the colony, described the contrast between Georgetown and the rest of the country as the difference between "champagne" and ginger beer.

The two largest industries in British Guiana are sugar and bauxite. The colony is based on agriculture. Housing on the sugar plantations is sometimes wretched. In the native-owned villages conditions are little better.

Jagan family

SIX years ago, in 1947, Cheddi Jagan, son of an Indian driver on a sugar estate, returned to British Guiana from the United States. He brought with him a blonde American wife, Janet.

The Jagan family is large. As a boy Cheddi had helped it by working in the rice fields and on sugar plantations. His earnings enabled his father to send him to Queen's College in

Georgetown. Later the old man put all his savings into training Cheddi as a dental surgeon in the U.S.

Papa Jagan did not like Janet when she arrived. He had wanted Cheddi to marry an Indian girl. But Janet won him over. She became more Indian than the Indians. She turned up at a Government House reception wearing a sari and sandals. The Indian women in Western style clothes smarted.

Talked, wrote

FRESH from the highly industrialised United States, Cheddi and Janet were impatient with the Colony's horse-and-buggy conditions. He found his people still working waist deep in water to plant rice fields. The young corps were often washed away by "fainty drizzle," called "an act of God."

Janet had been a member of the Communist Youth League in America. She had gained from her experience in organising. Cheddi talked and she wrote. He talked to city groups, to groups on sugar estates, to groups on sugar estates, she wrote "to officials, to estate managers, to the press."

They were laughed at. How could anyone but Government change things, people asked? And Government was already spending millions on drainage, Government too, was talking of housing schemes.

The people of Guiana, the easy-going people who had little interest in politics, were hard to convert.

They knew that behind their coastal strip lay a hinterland of great wealth. Hadn't they themselves won gold and diamonds from it? Those were the good old days when "porkchoppers" (squatters) became rich overnight and fed dollar bills to horses.

Statistics

YET, nowadays, there didn't seem to be as much of the gold and diamonds as before. There was, of course, still timber, the mighty greenheart shipped to England and the United States to make resistant docks and railway sleepers. And there were other metals — tantalum and uranium — and perhaps oil, of which they had heard. There were always sugar and bauxite, good for a spell of rewarding work. Finally, the pointed to rice, rapidly expanding under semi-Government control.

Cheddi got to work with statistics. He told his countrymen that the foreign-operated gold and diamond mines were making yearly fortunes on lands the "porkchoppers" had worked. That the Govern-

ment had outlawed the "porkchoppers" and had practically given away these lands to the "capitalists." And so it went on. Facts and figures, statements and allegations covering every industry.

Janet had now joined speech to action. She was talking to groups throughout the country, organising meetings, recruiting new followers. Street corner meetings became nightly features. Janet was the star turn.

And Cheddi and Janet taught them their interpretation of the word "capitalist." Soon it ranked as low as a cussword. The sugar "barons" were capitalists, and so were the bauxite companies. The people learnt they were the "masses" as opposed to the "classes."

Others had now joined the snowballing Jagan movement. First the humble folk, who vaguely believed that "something should be done." Later came the professional men and the politicians, each for his own reason.

Quotes Russians

BUT one thing worried these later proselytes. Cheddi had always described "British Imperialism" as responsible for the Colony's under-development. United States capital would solve all economic ills, he claimed. If only the British would allow it.

Now, however, he had taken to quoting from Russian pamphlets. He emphasised his points by frequent reference to the happy state of Soviet workers. Could this mean Communism?

Not only were party members unhappy about this trend. Many of the rank and file began to shy away as the Guiana press campaigned to hang the "red" sign on the party. They had wanted change, improvement, constitutional reform, eventual self-government. But Communism?

They were worried, too, because a new Cheddi was evolving.

They had always known that his was an outlook that saw no half-tones; that compromise irritated him. But there had been a lighter side to him. He liked dancing. He and Janet had also spent long hours listening to classical music on the gramophone. He had played tennis at the Indian Club in Georgetown, and had often gone to the cinema and to sports meetings.

Dominant figure

NOW, however, he was finding less and less time for these things. Janet went to parties alone. Cheddi stayed home to read Adam Smith, Sydney Webb and Marx.

He became a political missionary — one, moreover, with little sense of humour and less tolerance for trivialities. He named his young son Bradlaugh, after an English free-thinker and republican politician. (Charles Bradlaugh, who advocated national reform in 1862, was the working classes' champion in Parliament.)

To three-year-old Bradlaugh his father remained a hero, the "playback-man." But his mother would have preferred her husband to relax so as to spend more time with the child. But, much as he loved his son, Cheddi believed that there was other important work to do. So Janet could not slacken either.

Contrary to popular representation, Cheddi is the dominant figure in the Jagan team. Whatever they have become, whatever they are, Cheddi has been the driving force. Janet the willing instrument. Bright, rather than clever, gay and daring, she added the sauce to Cheddi's leg-of-mutton speeches.

Polished speaker

AROUND the time of Cheddi's metamorphosis, London Forbes Burnham returned to British Guiana. A young African, he had topped the colony's scholars to win the Guiana Scholarship to a British university. And he had done well at his law studies in England. Years in university and legal debating societies had taught him all the rules of argument. He had become a polished speaker, a statesman. Cheddi was neither.

Burnham jumped on the Jagan bandwagon, now called the People's Progressive Party. He realised the waverers, the middle-of-the-roads who feared the Communists' lant.

The PPP had started among the Indian agricultural workers. It spread to the African working classes, drawing together for the first time these two largest population groups in the colony.

Burnham gathered in the city workers, the school teachers, the strong middle-class of African and mixed blood. He became second in command to Cheddi, head of the organisation.

His was not an easy task. When Cheddi's bluntness gave offence, Burnham had to make the peace for him.

Another star

CHEDDI attended a Communist rally in Berlin. Back home he presented the press with photographs of himself standing beside a Soviet delegate at a desk labelled USSR.

He attempted to organise a branch of the Moscow Peace Conference. Some of his staunchest supporters were dismayed. What did they want, they asked, with a peace politician? Why didn't he organise something to give work to the 20,000 youths leaving school in a month's time? The Peace Committee failed. But Burnham's explanations saved the day.

Another star was also appearing on the PPP armament — Sydney King, a young African school teacher. He came from Buxton, a village which had once been the plantation of an English earl, Lord Buxton. King lived like a Yogi. He ate once a day and then quit fruits — uncooked. He, too,

The Law Has No Solution.... HOODLUMS HAUNT LONDON STREETS

By LES ARMOUR

London. THERE was bewilderment at the Old Bailey — bewilderment because the law could propose no solution for a cancerous evil spreading across London's streets.

Five youths went to gaol for a few months, a sixth still faces a murder charge, a seventh is dead — all as the result of a knife brawl on Clapham Common.

Mr Justice Pearson decided that none of the normal punishments for "wayward youth" — probation, Borstal, correction schools and the like — would help. Perhaps he doubted whether gaol terms of a few months would do much permanent good. But at least they removed the menace for the moment.

The gang's leader, Ronald (self-styled "Flash") Coleman,

is only 17. The others are between 16 and 21.

They were sensations because another youth died in a fight, and there were murder charges. But they are not so unusual.

All but one had been in court before, and a dozen more not unlike them appear in the courts every week charged with "insulting behaviour," jostling passers-by or committing acts of open violence.

Floppy Jackets

Dressed in Edwardian style or floppy jackets, aped from American movies, they haunt the all-night coffee stands, the dance halls and busy thoroughfares — usually as lost and bewildered as the court officials who have to deal with them.

Some carry knives and razors; all are prone to hero worship, and their gang-leaders assume status of demi-gods.

Their law is the law of force, or of scolding force. For it is the bravest of them, the youth who jostles old ladies and uses threatening language, who commands respect.

Disputes are settled mostly — 10 or more youths against one.

What lies behind this steady upsurge of hoodlums? The sociologists offer a variety of explanations — the war; slum conditions; the school system; the decay of the code of morals which governs society; the decline of the family unit.

Most of these youths grew up in a Britain torn by war, at a time when many fathers were absent from their children, when mothers were at work outside the home.

Slum Children

Many come from overcrowded slum areas, where people live in tiny flats surrounded by grimy blocks or similar flats, where conditions in the street seem better than those in the home. Many (though by no means all) left school at 14 or 15 without achieving the degree of literacy and basic education necessary to enjoy intelligent diversion after a day at a dreary job.

Few of them seek help from religion; few respect any code of morality.

Their families are often broken or bickering. And in any case, the bulk of the neighbourhood families are just collections of heterogeneous individuals. There is little or no community of thought and action.

And so to not suits and knives.

But it is easier to explain than to cure.

Rainbow's end

CHEDDI and his team were elected to the Legislative by the "masses" last April to win for them freedom from floods, educational reform, nationalisation of the sugar and bauxite industries, jobs for the jobless and (for the people) a vaguely imagined and very eventual self-government.

To the "masses" these election promises were the end of the rainbow. To the "classes" they were the beginning of the end. Lost in the mists somewhere between the two is the middle road which both could walk together.

But that is yet to come. More recent history tells of the PPP's demand for instant removal of the constitutional checks — the nominated legislative members and the Governor's veto powers.

It tells of a now-ended strike in which at least one PPP Minister took part. It records an attempt to enforce "the strikers' demands in an act of legislation. It tells also of the strike's effect on the country's economy; of the reduction of imports to a minimum; the fall in Customs' revenue; the withdrawal of money from the banks.

Loss of faith

THESE events may represent, however, nothing more than the inevitable pangs of transition, of reform. But they register, also loss of faith in the party among supporters who had believed in promises of immediate prosperity. And they indicate the defection of others for one reason or another.

In many countries, all this would be endured with tolerance, but in British Guiana these pangs are aggravated by a new agent — the tank of Communism.



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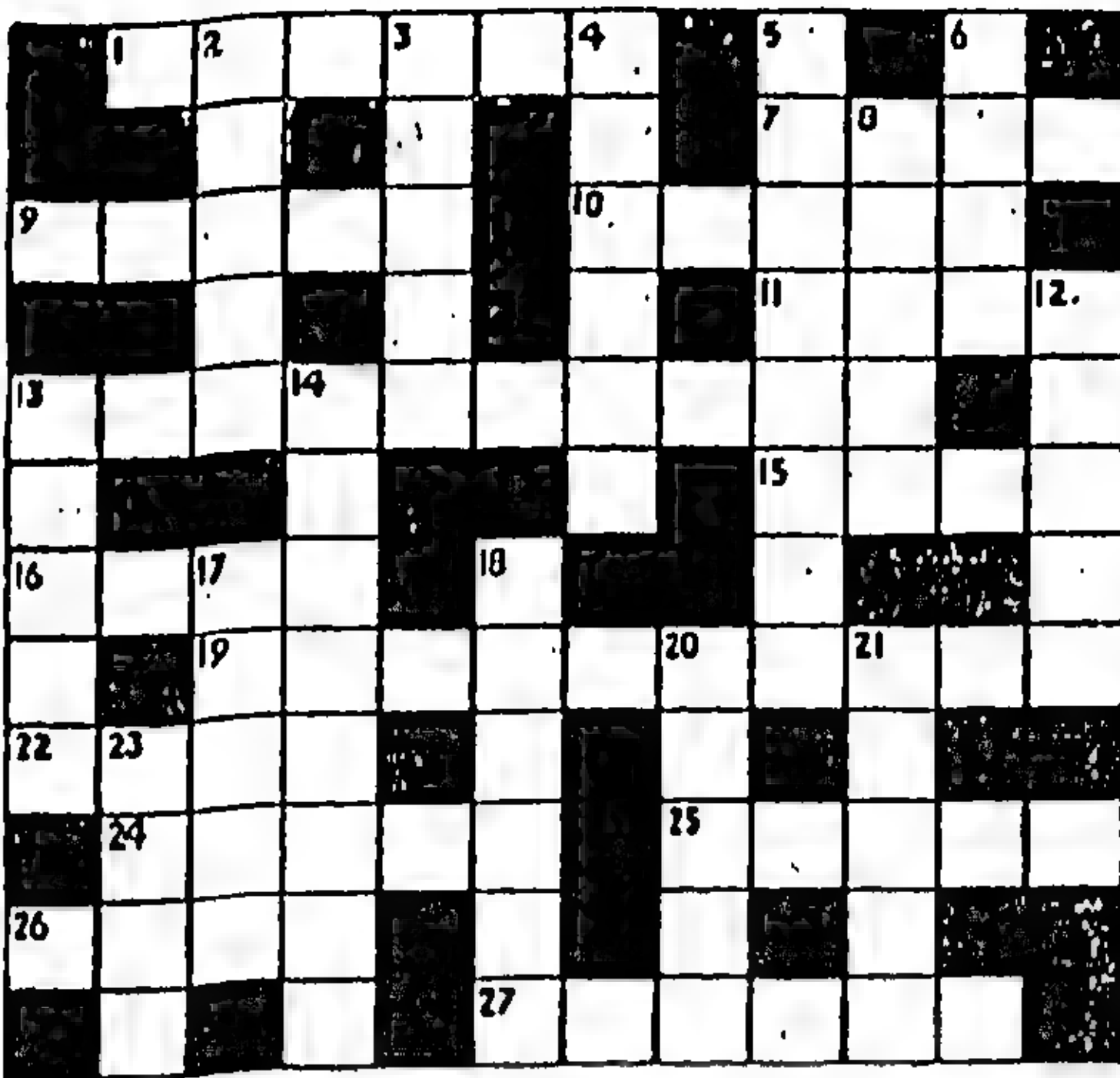
Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value — not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. Better still, instead of wearing out — as a "staff" does — this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



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ETERNA

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Value (6).
7 Excursion (4).
9 Discharge (5).
10 Rustle (5).
11 Help (4).
13 Taken into custody (10).
15 Cleric (4).
16 Prejudice (4).
19 Fitness (10).
22 Nobleman (4).
24 Competitor (5).
25 Best part (5).
26 Broad (4).
27 Saturated (6).
- 2 Demise (5).
3 Follow (5).
4 Look over (6).
5 Sit astride (8).
6 Clement (4).
8 Elevate (6).
12 Scorch (6).
13 Walk casually (5).
14 Determined (8).
17 Punient (5).
18 Upsets (5).
20 Tendence (5).
21 Din (5).
23 Parched (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Hockey, 4 Split, 7 Gannet, 8 Slops, 10 Rues, 12 Adulate, 15 State, 16 Area, 17 Alto, 19 Opiates, 20 Descent, 21 Tear, 23 Essay, 24 Domain, 25 Anger, 26 Senses. Down: 1 High Road, 2 Contents, 3 Ever, 5 Pendant, 6 Impute, 9 Adept, 11 Stockade, 12 Alone, 13 Arcades, 14 Earrings, 18 Lesson, 22 Tome.



— THIS DREAM MEANS: —
The man-eating ape symbolises suppressed anger—it may be yours or someone else's—which is coming to the surface and needs controlling (hence the police). It may be that your fiancée is revealing a streak of temper and you feel your brother-in-law is a helpful influence. This dream raises a lot of queries which need to be followed up. Dreams often run in



series—like a strip—and the answer is often contained in the next instalment. Often when you notice anger in others, you omit to notice that this is merely in reply to some sort of aggressive behaviour on your part; or, at any rate, a lack of active kindness; psychologists call this "projecting your hate" out to others. If your fiancée does not respond to kindness, you may have to reconsider the whole thing.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

NO OSCAR— Eight wild horses and a bulldozer are usually reckoned the team needed to keep a movie director away from a Cannes Film Award Festival—especially if he's got something coming his way.

But when first prize in the International Amateur Film Festival was announced this year the ushers bawled in vain the name of the winning producer.

Was he dallying with some world-famed lovely on the sun-kissed shore? Laying plans for another epoch-maker?

No. He was back in a classroom wrestling with start-of-year studies. He is a seventeen-year-old Kingston, (England) schoolboy.

His prizewinner was a documentary on riverside town, Walton-on-Thames.

HALF A MAGNUM? Champagne and all the trimmings will be laid on for the occasion when a long-established Norwegian shipyard stages soon its oldest-ever launching—half a boat.

The order was placed by the Cultural Office of the Norwegian Foreign Ministry who wanted a full-size reproduction of the front half of the Oseberg Viking ship in Oslo Museum.

It is to be star-turn of a world-touring exhibition of Norwegian arts and crafts.

THE JOY BELLES The women of St Helena jumped for joy. The Joy was Sir George of the 11k, retiring Governor of this British island in the South Atlantic, where Napoleon finished his days.

And the women jumped when he held a rummage sale for local charity.

FOR HIM, THE QUAKE Harassed relief workers in Paphos, Cyprus, spotted the cheerful young Turk join the line-up for tents for the second time.

Challenged, he explained he had two wives. It was unthinkable that they should both occupy the same quarters. Just for once, officials asked, couldn't they rough it, in view of the shortage of tents?

In that case, said the young Turk they would share it without the benefit of his company. "I would prefer the earthquake any time."

BOY AND GIRL STORY Ahmed A w a d had an excellent business in Cairo—a most excellent business indeed.

He claimed he could determine the sex of a child before birth.

His clients were legion, for Ahmed was always right. It was too easy.

He told every customer that her child would be a boy. Then he went to his records and marked down "girl" beside each name.

When there were boys he reaped congratulations. When there were girls he showed the protesting mothers the records to prove he had been right. Last week he was caught out—making a prediction for a policeman's wife.

THE UGLY DUCKLING The fortune tellers of Singapore said little Leong Thiam Chu would be unlucky.

She was born on July 22—a most unlucky day.

Her scared parents told a local newspaper they wanted somebody to take her off their hands.

The wife of the Sultan of Kejanian drove down the dusty slum street where Leong's parents live and went in to see. She was so impressed by little

Leong that she took her home—to be brought up as a princess.

OH! OH! SARGE! The scene is an airfield in the Canal Zone. General Sir Brian Robertson steps from his aeroplane. While he talks to the reception committee, an Army sergeant photographer busily snaps him with a miniature camera.

Between handshakes, the General glances at the busy photographer. At last he turns and whispers to his aide-de-camp, who walks smartly across to the photographer.

"The general says that before you take any more pictures will you kindly remove the dust cover from your lens."

PRETTY ROUGH GOING They call 43-year-old Police Constable George Corney, of Northeast London, "the man with nine lives."

Every day he throws himself in front of cars, plays ball in the road amongst traffic, reads a comic as he steps off the kerb, speeds across traffic lights on his bicycle.

But after falling under cars more than a 1,000 times Police Constable Corney is still keen to do it again. He is a member of the six-man police team which tours schools in North-east London giving road safety demonstrations. Being knocked down three times a day is part of the job.

In charge of the safety team is 47-year-old Police Sergeant Robert Evans, who says: "Of course, there could be an accident, but I have every confidence in my men. They don't make mistakes."

The team has had one accident—a broken leg. A bicycle chain broke and the rider fell off.

WHALE OF A TALE Somewhere in the deep water off Cap Agulhas a trembling tiger shark is vowing that next time he'll tackle someone his own size.

It all started when he spotted a whale and decided to have a crack at the big softie. He realises now, of course, that he should have remembered the old saw about the female of the species. For this whale was a Ma whale and, worse, she had a calf along with her.

But like a jet-fighter attacking a defenceless bomber he started in on a flank attack. His razor teeth sliced into the unwary monster, and he was wheeling away for another attack before the whale could do anything about it.

Normally Ma whale would have headed for the deep waters at the first sign of ag-

gression. But with Junior along she had to stay and do something about it.

The fact that she didn't beat enough for the tiger shark. But by this time he was racing in again at the glistening bulk. Something went wrong. Just as he should have got himself another mauling whale-attack, Ma ducked and he slid on to her broad back. Before he could wriggle off she had lifted him clear of the water—a yapping, floundering, deflated bully. He was almost at his last gasp when he managed to wriggle clear and streaked for safety.

After the fight, said light-house-keeper George Auret, who watched it through a telescope, Ma Junior continued lazily up the coast.

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When it began to look as if local undertakers might be on the verge of a boom, the police were called in.

Now, if this is one thing students dislike, it's outside interference. So with that old Alma Mater spirit wailing up inside them they quit battering one another long enough to stone the uninvited cops out of the campus.

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DE PROFUNDIS Like the spirits of long-dead Egyptian kings striking terror into the violators of their tombs, the sea revenges itself on brass intruders.

The deep struck back at ocean-bed explorer Professor Auguste Piccard. Celebrating his new depth record set up off the Italian coast he got food poisoning from a lobster he ate at a dinner in his honour given by the local mayor.

Nancy Spain

GIVES THREE CHEERS FOR A CRIME KING

HOOORAY, hooray, this is a wonderful week. I have discovered a new author, and I am his humble fan. His name is Michael Gilbert and he writes detective stories.

His latest book, **FEAR TO TREAD** (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.), is out this week. It rings true as a golden sovereign and is even more exciting.

It tells how Mr Wilfred Wetherall, headmaster of a secondary school for boys in London, S.E., takes his wife out to dinner at a West End restaurant.

The owner tells him he has been run out of business because the men who used to sell him black market food have turned nasty.

Then Mr Wetherall hears that the wife of the police sergeant investigating the food robberies has been murdered.

Then Mr Wetherall finds that one of his pupils has been mixed up in a large-scale swindle, involving food parcels.

Then the boy's father is "accidentally" killed on the line. Then Mr Wetherall does a little investigating on his own account. And he is badly beaten up in Soho.

Now Mr Wetherall gets annoyed, and he has need of his temper. For the gun attacks him again, this time more subtly, from the top. His board of governors never can be the neurotic figures that fiction or ill-informed gossip makes them out.

Alas, I haven't available parallel statistics of the juvenile delinquents—most of whom, one hears now, acknowledge, grow over into the possible, he does so with supreme authority.

When I had finished "Fear to Tread," I scratched around the bookshops for his other works. Now I have read all but two of them.

Horrid 'creeper'

YES, whatever they may say, England is still rich in story-tellers. Consider Surban, whose curious Persian pen-name conceals the identity of a harmless Government official.

His latest book, **THE DOLL MAKER** (Peter Davies 12s. 6d.), is a slyly horrid "creeper."

A girls' school has its grounds alongside a sinister mansion. Niall, the son of the house, has a remarkable gift. He can make dolls that live.

All he needs is a schoolgirl who is in love with him, three drops of blood from her ear, and a doll which he carves in her likeness.

A schoolgirl called Clure fulfils all these requirements—but she finds out that she is not the only one. She denounces Niall, and sets fire to his horrible room full of vitallised dummies.

Told like this the story seems pretty thin; but such is Surban's uncanny power that he can make your hair curl with horror.

What a mind for a civil servant! No wonder he uses a pen-name. Maybe he is a tax collector.

Maiden aunts

WHEN 79-year-old unmarried Margery Fry announced the subject of her brilliant essay as **THE SINGLE WOMAN** (D. Little, 2s. 6d.), she says her friends laughed.

"That is exactly why I wanted to do it," says Miss Fry. "There is a good deal of unacknowledged cruelty in the way that the world thinks of spinsters."

Yet there are few of us, looking back to our childhood, who cannot recollect the figure of some well-loved maiden aunt. She arrived, says Miss Fry, "when the new babies came, or when the scarlet fever children wanted nursing."

There are 7,000,000 women living alone (2,500,000 of them widows or divorcees), not all of whom can be the neurotic figures that fiction or ill-informed gossip makes them out.

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Now, if this is one thing students dislike, it's outside interference. So with that old Alma Mater spirit wailing up inside them they quit battering one another long enough to stone the uninvited cops out of the campus.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Unbalancing The Budget

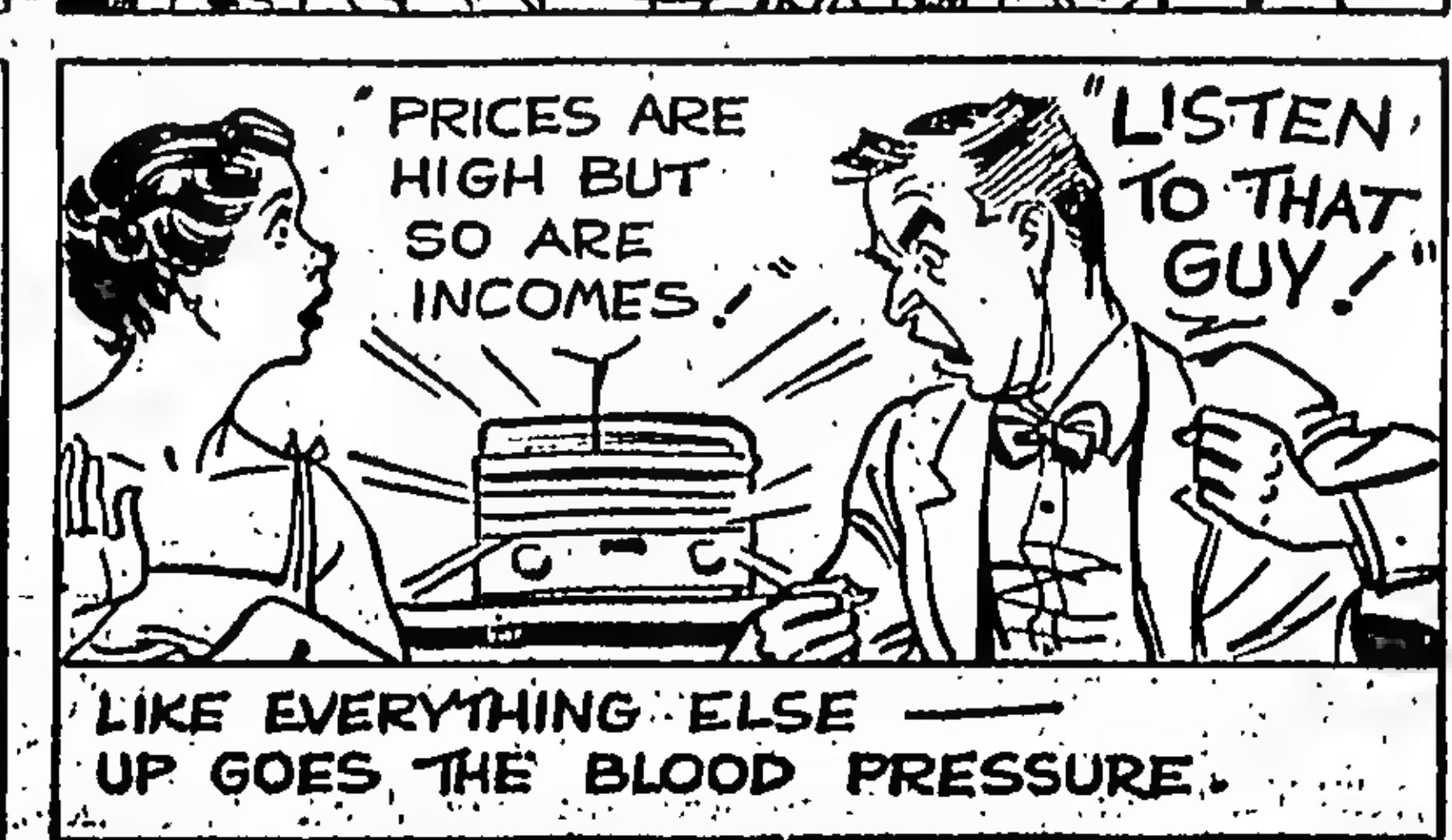
BY HARRY WEINERT



EAT IN PEACE—NEVER ASK THE PRICE OF ANYTHING—YOU CAN WORRY ABOUT FOOTING THE BILL LATER.



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They're Not Laughing

From Henry Lowrie

REMEMBER Senator Joe McCarthy's "Keystone cops," David Schine and Roy Cohn, who made a whirlwind world tour investigating waste, mismanagement and security?

Well, the two young men who were able to laugh off the sneers of the world are angry at last. They were not laughing as Harold Stassen, boss of America's foreign programme, said they each drew \$74 a day expenses during their tour.

Foreign aid workers get expenses ranging from only \$6 a day in West Germany to \$10 in Paris.

Irritated

The 26-year-old Cohn immediately disputed Stassen's revelation that they drew \$2,540 from foreign currency funds of the government. However, he would not give his own figure.

He had been told, he said, that their withdrawals were considerably lower than those of Congressmen and other in "comparable trips."

He was very obviously irritated as he said: "I'd be interested to know the figures of those on similar junkets."

He and Schine, 20-year-old son of a wealthy New Yorker, spent much more of their own money, he said, than they withdrew from government funds.

Principal result of the tour was the State Department's sacking of Theodore A. Kagan, acting deputy director of public affairs in Germany, after he had called Cohn and Schine "junketing gum shoes."

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Warriors Meet The Braves In Tomorrow's Feature Game

With pitcher Joey Franco and catcher "Cuscut" Souza firmly settled as the Warriors' battery, the combination should help their team go all the way against Ed Carvalho's champion Braves in the feature Senior "A" softball tussle commencing at 2 p.m. tomorrow at King's Park.

Starting after a third straight victory, manager Carvalho will be faced with a big problem in this all-important game. Uncertain about ace pitcher Chappie Remedios' form, he might have to start Kelly Silva-Netto or Jack Brown at the mound, but with such an astute catcher as Frankie Correa manning the mound corps, the Braves should be reasonably certain of solid results from their pitching staff tomorrow.

The other Senior "A" encounter will see Jackie Wei's Pandas, Summer League Champions, tangle with the US Navy. This match will be played at 11 a.m. There will be two games in the Senior "B" Division with Holo Souza's Americans meeting Jimmy Herick's Pandas and Jack Carvalho's Wildfires playing Fred Dista's PI Dons at King's Park has been the scene of many Braves' victories, than Warriors' fans care to remember. But considering that Alfredo Oliveira's Warriors invariably provide chief competition for any potential League contenders, the experts are asking how well the Braves will fare with their ace pitcher, Chappie Remedios, showing such lack of confidence in the official opening game against the Chinese Athletic Association a fortnight ago.

Remedios, last year's Braves' winning pitcher, is said to be leaving for the United Kingdom next month. Most fans believe that it might be too much to expect Remedios to return to the form that made him one of the leading mountaineers last season and there is every possibility that he might be left out in the crucial game against the Warriors.

Carvalho, however, can look for mound support from local sources. Jack Brown, who appeared for the Braves in the last two games, has become a highly efficient relief pitcher, while Kelly Silva-Netto, brilliant pitcher against South China last Sunday was ample proof of his effectiveness in four innings of work. With this experience behind him and an unrivaled knowledge of his fast pitches, Brown is an ideal substitute for Remedios.

One of the young power hitters, Hui Dhabar, hero of last Sunday's game against South China, has been named to the team to provide the Braves with a solid chance of retaining their pennant. Since Dhabar is not a flash in the pan, it is reasonable to expect, barring mishaps, that he'll be able to reach his potential this year.

The presence of third baseman Junior Remedios, who has returned from Macao after the Portuguese Intercol, will be keenly felt and with reliable Carlos Yvanovich at first and ex-Warriors' Hank Killean at second, this should make a difference in the Braves' chances for a win.

Other ballplayers of the Braves' camp are shortstop Eddie Loureiro, left-fielder Dick Chaves, centre-fielder Spike Guterres and right-fielder Carlos Remedios.

Although the Warriors were subdued 1-0 by Junior Remedios' colourful display throughout the tense seven-inning game furnished plenty of conversation for the good crowd of enthusiasts.

Both pitcher Joey Franco and catcher "Cuscut" Souza were seen in tip-top form and they can be counted on for another fine performance tomorrow.

The immediate need of the Warriors appears to be more batting strength in the outfield and they are still hopeful they'll get it from centre-fielder Johnny Pereira who had an off-day against the Saints last week.

Both speedy second-basemen Tony Silva and shortstop Jackie Silva lived up to advance notices and figured well against the Saints. They are, at least, two players who should provide the Braves some worry.

Left-fielder Jimmy Chen, who was away last week and was unavailable for the tussle against the Saints, has returned for full time duty on Sunday. Along with Chen, the Warriors can draw from an outfield squad that includes manager Alfredo Oliveira, Johnny Pereira and Ricky Azambuja.

This column predicts a surprise win for the Warriors if pitcher Franco, catcher Souza and the Silva boys hit their stride and if the fielders don't fall apart in the stretch.

The teams—
Braves—Pitcher—Chappie Remedios; Catcher—Frankie Correa; 1st base—C. A. R. I. S. Yvanovich; 2nd base—Hank Killean; 3rd base—Junior Remedios; Manuel Guterres; Shortstop—Eddie Loureiro; Left-field—Dick Chaves; Centre-field—

PANDAS V NAVY

At the time of writing, there is much speculation about the US Navy strength and whether the USS Orea will be able to make the match against Jackie Wei's Pandas.

It will be recalled that a formidable Orea outfit played good ball during the summer months and went down narrowly to Champion Pandas 2-1 in the first round. Recognised as a slugging team well backed by tight holding, the Orea had impressed ball fans and should cause serious concern to the Chinese team.

With the loss of three of their star performers in left-fielder Y. Y. Liang, centre-fielder Tom Wei and catcher C. Y. Lai, softball series view the task confronting manager Jackie Wei as more difficult than that of his immediate predecessors. On the basis of his personnel loss, manager-pitcher, Jackie Wei himself alone is not enough to carry the Pandas to the top.

The Pandas, who had been showing menacing pictures to garner the Senior "A" pennant for the past three seasons, were able to produce a scintillating performance in key games.

With such stalwarts as shortstop Y. S. Liang, last year's Most Valuable Player in Softball, third baseman Wally Ma, and a sound battery in Jackie Wei and Raymond Tsao, the Pandas are still capable of matching the prowess of the Braves, Saints and the Warriors.

Against an unknown USS Navy squad, Jackie Wei has every intention of trying out his regulars in different positions.

Other members of the Pandas who will be seen in action tomorrow are first baseman Harold Guk, second baseman Willie Woo, left-fielder Allen Cheng, centre-fielder S. S. Hsu, and right-fielder Benny Fan. The reserve strength of outfielders includes Jimmy Koo, Y. C. Cheng, M. Ong and P. H. Cheng.

SUZMAN'S PROBLEMS
During manager Bob Suzman's frantic attempts to bring a pennant to the Americans in the Senior "B" division, the Yanks lost to the Braves in the final playoff last season—his greatest problem was the sudden departure of ace mountaineer Jack Bordwell.

At the moment, there doesn't seem much doubt but that Suzman is set for another big headache in trying to arrange a line-up for tomorrow's game against Jimmy Herick's Pandas in their opening game at 3:30 p.m.

Last year the season was marked by a sharp increase in the fortunes of the Americans, who gave the Champion Braves a battle for the Senior "B" flag until the last few days of the season. But Suzman is, at present, overclouded with problems.

Some of his troubles stem from the absence of such stars as pitcher Jack Bordwell, slugger Mott Angrist and Harry Cunningham, George Varros, John Beldgett, O. Donohue and Claude Fugh.

But there are bright prospects that both Bordwell and Fugh may return to the Yanks' line-up next month. Bordwell is now stationed in Bangkok. Angrist has been transferred to Tokyo.

Jack Carvalho will continue to be the solid man in the Yanks' line-up as pitcher and Suzman seems to have solved his battery problem by assigning Richard Wheeler as catcher.

Taking cognisance of the clever play of John Heidemann last season as first sacker, it is generally regarded that he is one of the best ballplayers in the American fold today.

Seasoned campaigners remaining in the American squad are third baseman Billy Brimley, shortstop Chuck Cross and left-fielder Chuck Posner.

Evidently, softball experts are dubious about the capabilities

of even master showman Bob Suzman in accomplishing miracles with such an outfit against Jimmy Herick's fully-loaded Pandas who whipped Jack Carvalho's Wildfires 11-1 in their initial game last Saturday.

One good thing could be said of the Americans during the Summer League competitions. They achieved a record of trouncing Herick's Pandas twice, by 11-1 in the first game and 13-0 in the second encounter.

The Yanks, however, enjoyed the success with the assistance of pitcher Vic Pedruco, who has signed up for the Saints in the Senior "A", and Mott Angrist, who is a notable departure from the Yanks' roster this season. Whether the Americans are able to repeat their winning performance against the Pandas remains to be seen.

In their opening game against the Wildfires last Saturday, the Pandas' power hitters in centre-fielder Tony Chang, who had two hits in three, pitcher Jimmy Herick, first-baseman Patrick Tung, second-baseman Tom Wei and shortstop Thomas Wu took charge of the contest. Together, they collected from off-colour Rene Harretto no fewer than six hits and 11 runs for a top-sided victory.

The youthful Pandas, who have the knack of rising to the occasion, at bat as well in the field, will start favourites against the Americans and are expected to maintain a high standard of play and measure up to their impressive 11-1 triumph over the Wildfires last week.

The teams—
Americans—Pitcher—Jack Carvalho; Catcher—Harold Wheeler; 1st base—John Heidemann; 2nd base—Edward Blight; 3rd base—Bill Brimley; Shortstop—Chuck Cross; Left-field—Chuck Posner; Centre-field—Art Booth; Right-field—Bryan Booth.

Pandas—Pitcher—Jimmy Herick; Catcher—M. Tung; 1st base—Patrick Tung; 2nd base—Tom Wei; 3rd base—Eddie Tao; Shortstop—Thomas Wu; Left-field—Paul Yen; Centre-field—Tony Chang; Right-field—Benjamin Chan.

SENIOR "B"
An interesting Senior "B" game should be witnessed between Jack Carvalho's Wildfires and Fred Dista's PI Dodgers, the latter making their debut in the season's League.

The Wildfires, who failed to impress last Saturday when they were badly beaten by the Pandas, have to show much improvement to beat the Dodgers.

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BEST CRICKET LEAGUE MATCHES AT SOOKUNPOO AND THE VALLEY TODAY

By "THE ZOMBIE"

The Sookunpoo and Happy Valley area will be the scene of a mighty invasion this afternoon as giants of this season's Senior Cricket League, including the hitherto unbeaten Army, KCC and IRC teams, clash with bat and ball.

Army with an initial lead of two successive wins will be hosts to no worthier guests than redoubtable Reccro who, though surprisingly defeated by Craigengower last week-end, are still one of the top contenders for this season's Championship.

Both teams are well served in the bowling department, Army by Alexander, Bailey and Dowling, and Reccro by a formidable attacking team of the three Gosanos, A. R. Osmund, A. P. Pereira and H. L. Ozoilo.

The inability of Grace to play this week-end is a slight handicap to the Army XI, but Turner-Wright can be a useful change bowler if needed.

In batting, Army hold a slight edge over their opponents by their all-round ability to score. Reccro will be depending mainly on at least one of the Gosanos coming off with a big score.

Eddie Gosano's form with the bat, however, is unpredictable and Luigi tends to be slightly on the slow side in opening up his shoulders.

George Gosano is practically the whole backbone of the Reccro

batting which sadly needs another batsman of his steadiness and aggressive shot.

Slow scoring by the opening wicket stands played a great part in Reccro's defeat last week, making the following batsmen attempt to force the run and make up for lost time.

I never saw Gerry hit out so early as he did, and had he not been out to an extremely good though controversial catch by Ragel, he could well have once again turned the tide into Reccro's favour with his confident scoring.

He is the man whom Army will have to watch today and his clash with Dowling should provide an interesting tussle. Unless a big score is forthcoming from either Gerry or Eddie Gosano, I doubt if Reccro will be able to halt Army's winning streak.

NO FLASH IN THE PAN?
Kowloon Cricket Club, with the same number of wins as Army, will be the guests of Craigengower Cricket Club. Fresh from their last week's triumph over Reccro, the Valley Club will be out to prove that their win was no flash in the pan and that, despite the shortage of bowlers in their ranks, they are a match for any team in the Colony.

Their win last week was due in great part to their bold gamble of putting up an attacking field even with no fast bowling to back it up and squeezing their opponents into defensive play and hesitant scoring shots.

Their ground fielding has improved tremendously, but the number of missed catches still remains high. Their reputed batting strength has still to come off. Last week only George Souza, K. Y. Tam and Hui Dhabar were responsible for the runs.

They will be up against a team of all-round capability in KCC today and unless they

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Army v. Reccro
University v. IRC
CCC v. KCC
Optimists v. Navy
RAF v. Scorpions

Second Division
Reccro v. Army
IRC v. University
KCC v. DBS
KGV v. RAF

TOMORROW
Second Division
Dockyard v. Police
Friendly Game
HKCC "Occasionals" v. Capt. Pierce's XI.

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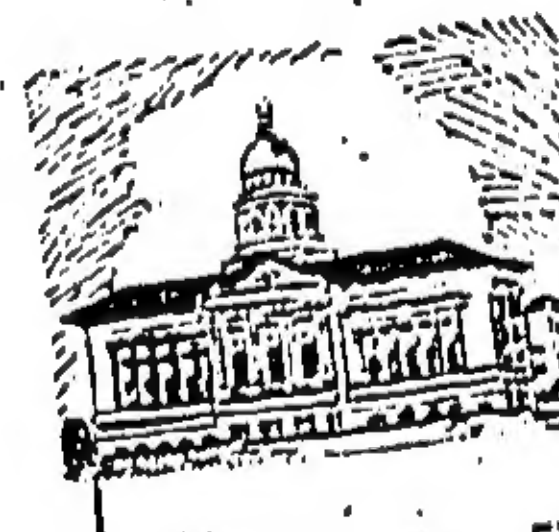
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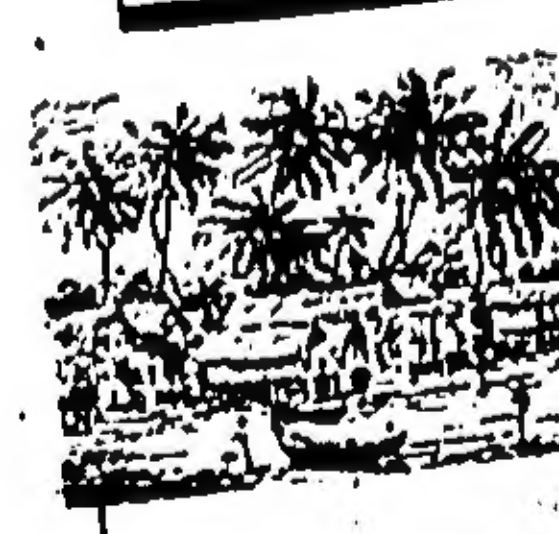


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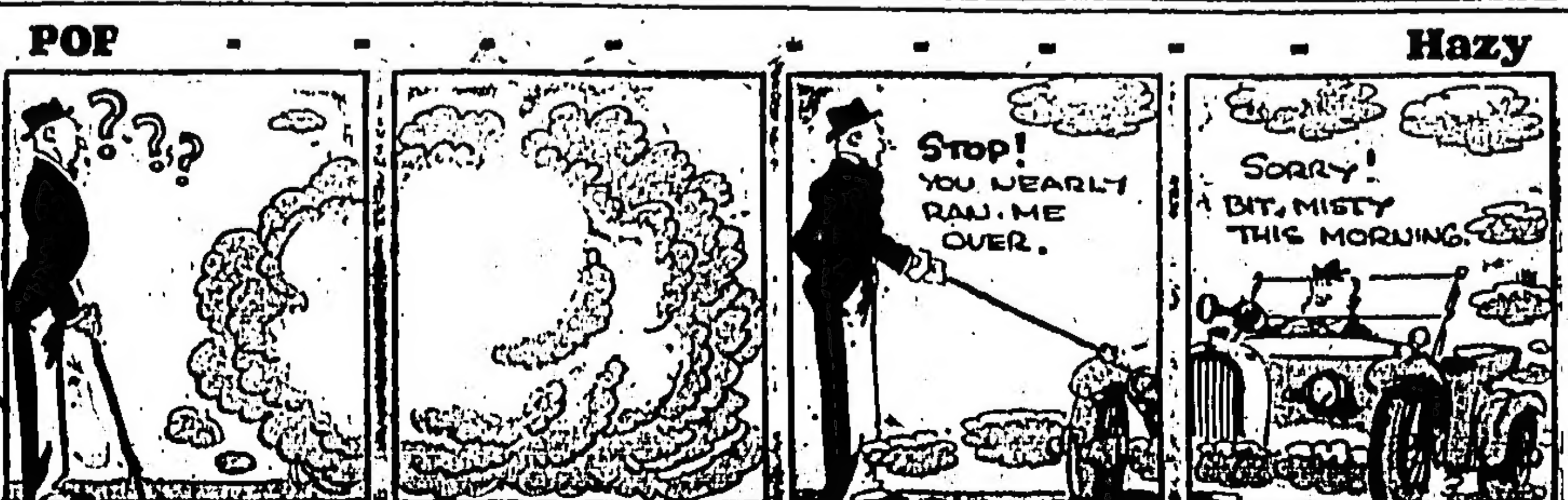
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Sails from Custodian Wharf			
ARRIVALS FROM			
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	18th Oct.	
"SHANGHAI"	Keelung	7 a.m. 19th Oct.	

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ARRIVALS FROM			
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"TELEUS"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Oct.	24th Oct.	
"ATREUS"	Glasgow	5th Nov.	6th Nov.	
"BELLEROPHON"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Nov.	14th Nov.	
"BELLEROPHON"	Liverpool & Glasgow	23rd Nov.	24th Nov.	

Scheduled Sailings from Europe

	Sails	Arrives
"ATREUS"	Liverpool	23rd Oct.
"BELLEROPHON"	do	28th Oct.
"MENTOR"	do	7th Nov.
"PATROCLOS"	do	17th Oct.
"ANTIOCHUS"	18th Oct.	22nd Nov.
"CYCLOPS"	24th Oct.	28th Nov.
"AUTOLYCUS"	3rd Nov.	8th Dec.
"TERSEUS"	7th Nov.	13th Nov.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

How It Began:

THE BUTCHER'S GREAT IDEA

By LEE PRIESTLEY

HANS, the butcher, had a busy day before him. He looked at the meat that must be converted into sausages. In Frankfurt, Germany, 100 years ago a butcher shop must provide many kinds of spiced and smoked sausages to please its customers.

But Hans was tired of making the same old rolls of sausage. He wondered if German housewives were not tired also of cooking the same old thing. He shook his finger at Schnorkel, his pet dachshund, who sat expectantly on the sawdust floor of the butcher shop. "This morning we will make something different! To be sure, we will make all the old kind of sausages first. Then we will make a new one."

Schnorkel barked with enthusiasm. He was a smart dog who knew that sausage making day provided a greedy little dog with many choice bites.

"Ah, then, you are in favour of the new sausage?" his master asked. "When it is ready I will give you a taste and then you shall give me your opinion!"

Went To Work
Hans, the butcher, went to work. He boiled choice beef with a new selection of spices. Then he chopped the meat into bits. He stirred and tasted. It was good. Remembering his promise to his pet, he threw a morsel to Schnorkel who was still under foot in the shop. "How do you like this new sausage, Hein?" the butcher asked.

Schnorkel gobbled. Then he barked loudly. Then he managed to arrange his funny long body and short legs into a sitting position. He begged politely.

Hans, the butcher, laughed and threw him another bite. "Even you approve? This sausage may make us famous. Who knows? Let me see, I shall call it a frankfurter, because it is made in our town of Frankfurt. Now I must stuff the sausage into casings. Wait! I have a wonderful idea!"

Hans stuffed the sausage meat into small casings and tied them off into short links. "Look, Schnorkel," he laughed.



"This new sausage shall be shaped just like you!" The dachshund barked loudly as if he accepted the honour. The new sausage did become popular with German housewives. When the frankfurter was introduced into the United States, however, it really found its place in the world, for there some six and a third billion are consumed annually.

The name frankfurter is still used, but the most popular name for the sausage that was conceived in honour of a little dachshund is now the "hot dog!"

Clip Cards Jigsaw

WEE jigsaws are fun to make. If you have some old game cards this is a good use for them. You can make the jigsaws yourself but it's more fun to invite some friends over and do them together. Each player takes one card at a time, and cuts it into six or seven jigsaw pieces. Then exchange puzzles, and see who can work the other's first. If you would like to use the puzzles another day, perhaps for a party, fasten the pieces to each set together with a paper clip.

What's Hard About Skating?

—Just Look at All the Things Mr. Merlin Can Do!

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children and the turned-about names, were roller-skating on the sidewalk in front of the house. Hanid skated very well, but Knarf, who was younger, kept slipping and falling.

Knarf had fallen for perhaps the tenth time and was getting angrier and angrier, when all at once he heard someone saying behind him: "Now skating can't be that hard!"

It was Mr. Merlin the Magician. "It's Quite Hard"

He helped Knarf to his feet. Hanid came over, too. "Skating," she said to Mr. Merlin, "is quite hard until you learn how to do it. Can you skate, Mr. Merlin?"

Mr. Merlin shook his head. "I haven't skated since I was a little boy. But I'd like to try."

"Here," said Knarf, "you can borrow my skates."

"Thank you," said Mr. Merlin. And he sat down on the steps and put on Knarf's skates. Finally he stood up. He looked wobbly.

"I hope you don't fall and hurt yourself," Mr. Merlin said. "You'd better go slowly at first."

"Of course!" said Mr. Merlin. "We'll hold your arms," said Knarf.

So Knarf on one side, and Hanid on the other side, held Mr. Merlin's arms while he slowly pushed his feet along the sidewalk. But all of a sudden, something very curious happened!

Mr. Merlin slipped out of their arms and went rolling down the street, faster and faster. His arms were waving wildly, his feet were shooting out in all directions. Knarf and Hanid shouted for him to stop himself.

He's Doing Fine
"Don't worry about me!" Mr. Merlin shouted back. "I'm doing fine!"

"Look out! You're going right into a telephone pole!" Knarf cried.



"What do I do now?" Mr. Merlin yelled down from the pole's top.

"What do I do now?" he yelled. "Come down at once!" said Hanid.

So Mr. Merlin skated down the other side of the telephone pole. "These are wonderful skates," Knarf and Hanid heard him saying. "They go almost everywhere."

It was true. The skates took Mr. Merlin up and down the side of the house, across several roads, along the top of a spiced fence and up and down all the cellar steps on the block. Finally he came back. "Yes, sir," he said to Knarf and Hanid, "this is the most wonderful pair of skates I've ever skated on."

Just Try
"Do you think," said Knarf, "that I could skate on them just like you?"

"Go ahead and try," said Mr. Merlin.

"And will mine go up the side of houses, too?" asked Hanid. "Just try," Mr. Merlin replied.

Knarf put his skates on again. Then he took Hanid's hand and both of them went skating, straight for the side of the house.

Did they go up it? No, indeed! They went into it with a bump.

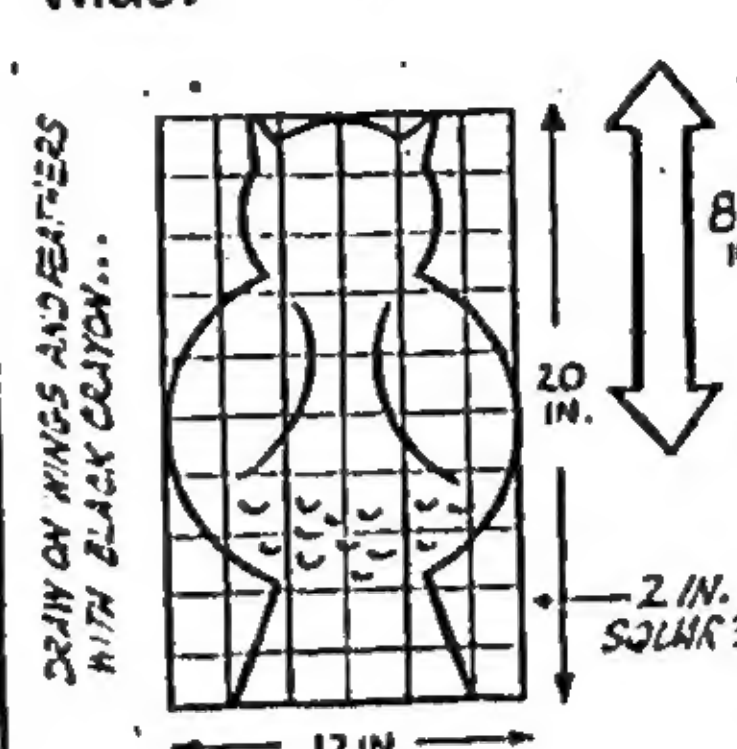
"That's a funny thing," said Mr. Merlin. "I don't know why they should have done it for me and not for you."

"Maybe," said Knarf, as he rubbed a bump on his head, "maybe they acted like that because you're a magician!"

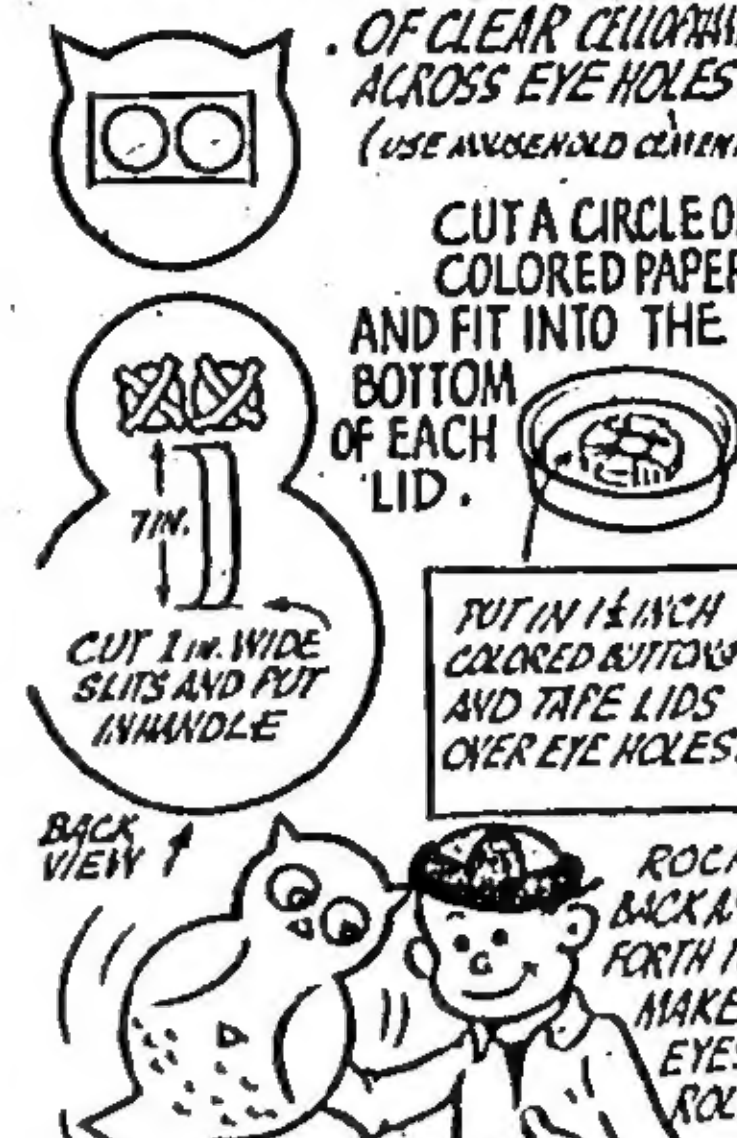
"Maybe," said Mr. Merlin, and he smiled.

HALLOWEEN OWL

1. From a cardboard SUIT BOX (about 12 in. wide and 20 in. long) cut out the owl's body then cut a handle 8 in. long and 1 in. wide.

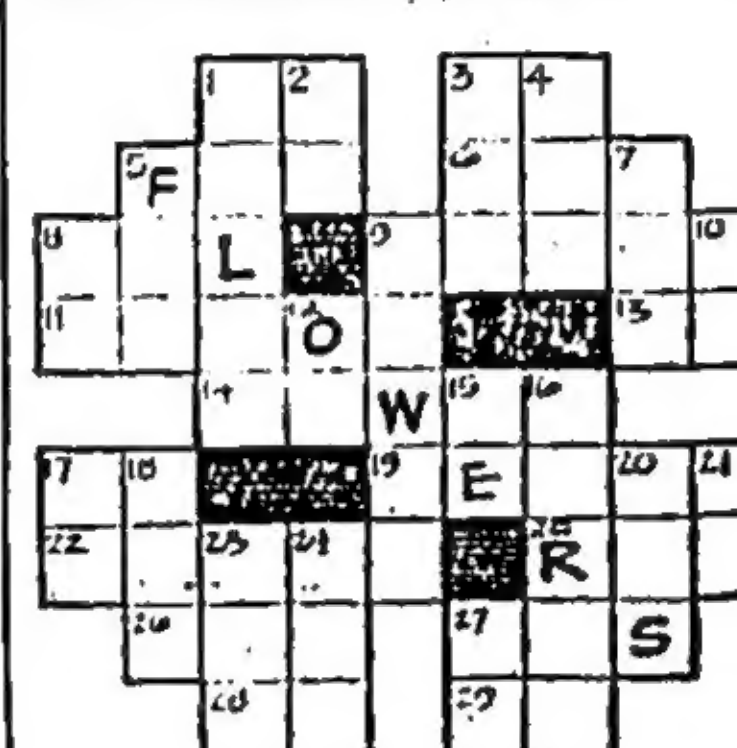


2. Trace around JAR LIDS (2 in. across) for eyelids and cut out.



Crossword

OUR Cartoonist has lettered in the word FLOWERS to provide you with a good clue at solving this crossword puzzle.



ACROSS

- 1 Pronoun
- 2 Correlative of either
- 3 Distant
- 4 Novel
- 5 Clum
- 6 At no time
- 7 Feminine name
- 8 Negative reply
- 9 Slitchee
- 10 Punter
- 11 Pester
- 12 Smells
- 13 Wand
- 14 Exist
- 15 Footlike part in a newspaper
- 16 Paid notice in a newspaper
- 17 Measure of area

DOWN

- 1 Corridors
- 2 Comparative suffix
- 3 Individual
- 4 Reverend (ab.)
- 5 Musical note (var.)
- 6 Small tumour
- 7 Piece (ab.)
- 8 Salamanders
- 9 Universal language
- 10 Whirlwind
- 11 Early English (ab.)
- 12 More uncommon
- 13 Miscegen (ab.)
- 14 Girl's name
- 15 Distress signal
- 16 Editor (ab.)
- 17 British money of account
- 18 Crimson
- 19 Father

(Solution on Page 10)

COLLECTORS' CORNER

OTTER TURNS UP ON A STAMP



AN otter dives to catch a fish and highlights a set of wild life stamps from Hungary.

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J. A. A.

Rupert and Ozzie—31



"What shall I do now?" asks Rupert as he enters the tunnel. "And what are those three lights on the panel?" "You'll soon find out," says Mr. Mole. "If you'll press the bottom light." "And now, goodbye," calls the mouse.

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	sails 29th Oct.	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay & Karachi, also P. Gulf Ports via Bombay	
"ORMARA"	due 7th Nov.	from Japan	
	sails 8th Nov.	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah & other P. Gulf Ports via Bombay	

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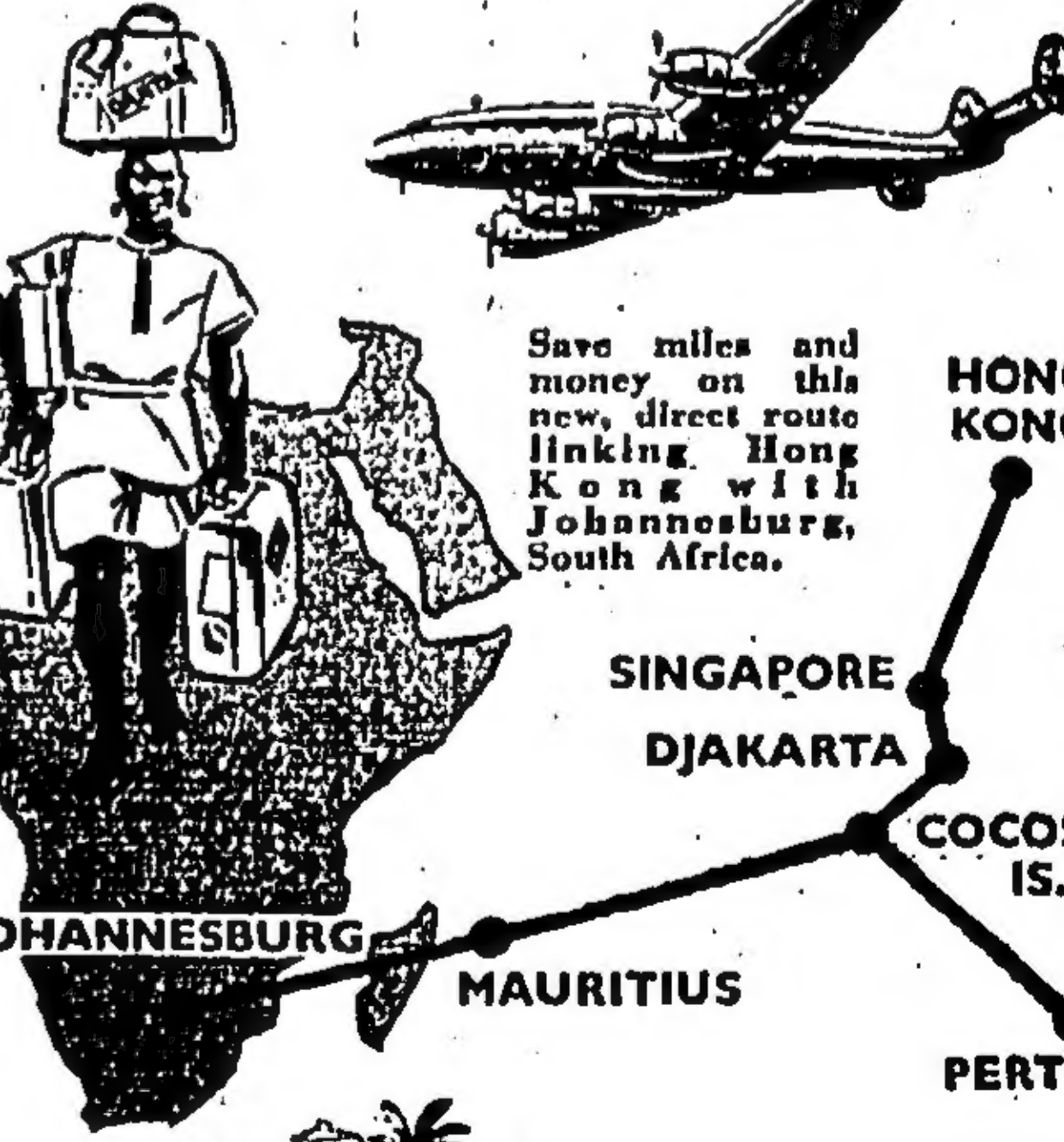
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